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HARD COR!

TINA'S LEZZIE LEG OVER

VOTE FOR YOUR GIRL OF THE YEAR

SEXMAS SPECIAL

BOOZIN BIRDS 'N BANGIN

00327042

THE NAUGHTIEST GIRLS IN THE UNIVERSE!

THIS MONTH IN CLUB

TEASE!

CLUB INTERNATIONAL Volume Twenty Three Number Thirteen

1994? Seen it, done it, drank it, smoked it, sniffed it, stroked it, nicked it and fucked it! Yep, '94 is certainly a year to remember, if only we could. Never mind. This new year we're going to get our shit together: quit smoking, quit boozing and quit puffing the whacky baccy...

But till then there's still a couple of banging weeks left to get it all out of our system, and not everything about Christmas is shite after all. There's all those girls letting their hair (and their knickers) down, for a start. Girls like **Sonia** or **Carla** for instance. Hell, who knows, this Chrimbo you could even find yourself playing the filling in a sex sandwich between a couple of crackers like **Tina** and **Erin**! Still, back to reality...

Or not, as the case may be, cos it looks like it's going to be a fuck-packed Christmas for Simply Red's Mick Hucknall. See what you'll be missing on page 10 in the sexy shape of **Adrianna S**. Someone who's had his Christmas piss-up

Thought of the month:
"If you can't get your end in, get your friend in" – Jason from Surbiton, Xmas, 1994

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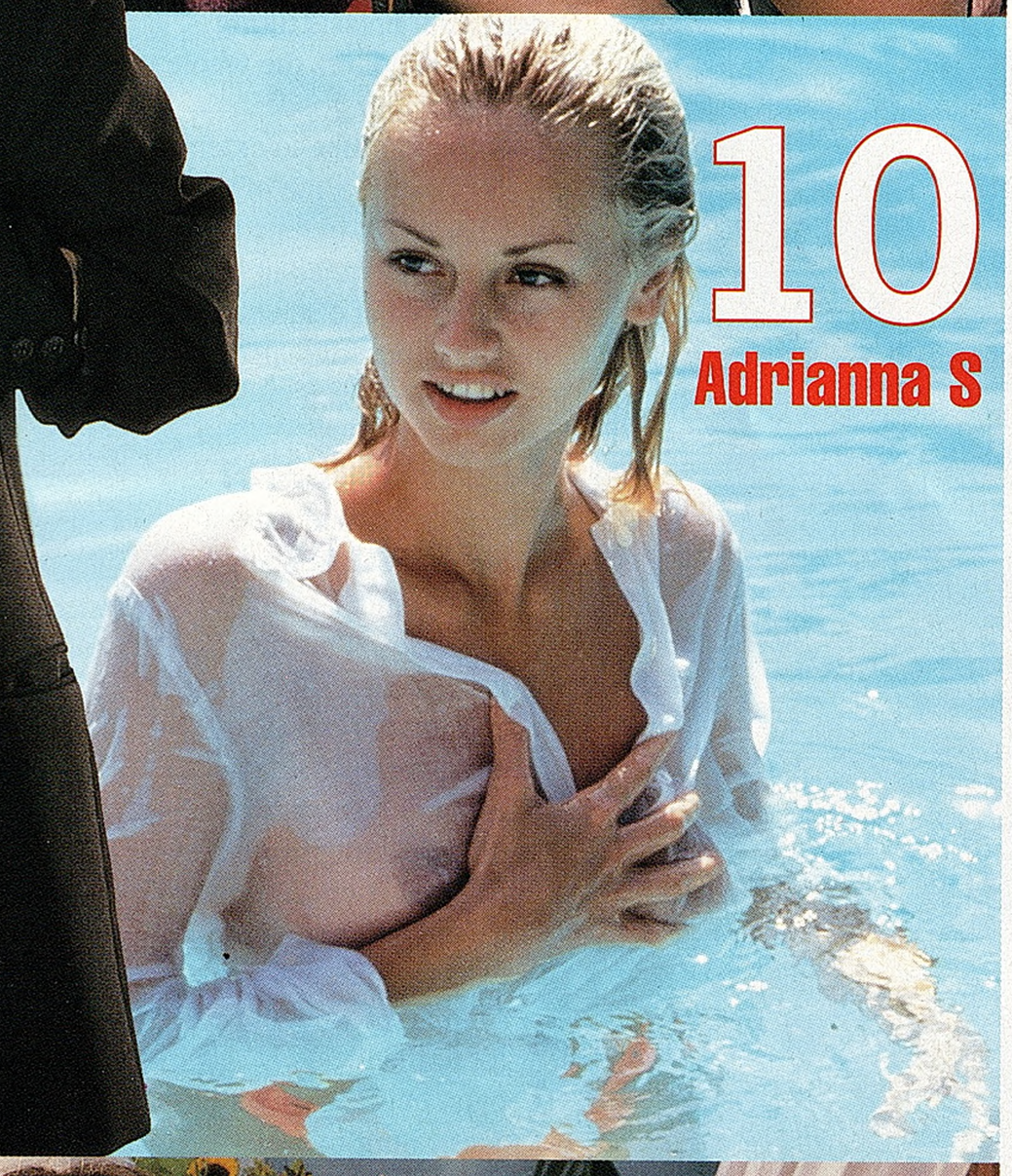
already is **Gavin Porter**. We sent him off down the local boozer with a score to carry out a serious beer-tasting under controlled conditions. He came back with a face like a blood hound and a map of Africa wet patch on the inside leg of his fake Armanis. Perhaps he'd be better off sticking to the old Bob Hope, like the rest of you. In **Nasty Habits** on page 30 we reveal some of the more bizarre spliffing paraphernalia you lot use for skinning-up boards and the like.

There's also the usual round-up of **music**, **sport** and **videos** to peruse while you're waiting for the old fella to get hard again, and a few festive give-aways into the bargain. But just remember, before you go dashing off to your bedroom with a bottle of Becks and a box of Kleenex, Club girls aren't just for Christmas – they're for wanking over. – *The Editor* ♣



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Evie

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in the bag

We've got the dirtiest readers there are! Send in your lewd letters to: In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HF

LOVE ALL!

I just had to write into Club and offer my congratulations for unveiling the hottest babe I've ever seen. No disrespect to the other models in the magazine, but Charlotte (Vol 23 No 11) was the girl who really made my day.

As a keen tennis player, she looks like the sporty type of girl I dream of playing a match with! The snaps of her with her white tennis shoes on, displaying her lovely pussy, had my cock stiffening faster than a Pete Sampras volley!

Charlotte, if you're willing I'd love to practise my serve on you, and I'd be more than willing to give your curvy bum a gentle backhander!

I couldn't quite decide what her best features were: her long, slim legs leading up to firm high cheeks, that enticing pussy or those delightful breasts tilting upwards? Mmm, the whole lot was pretty good!

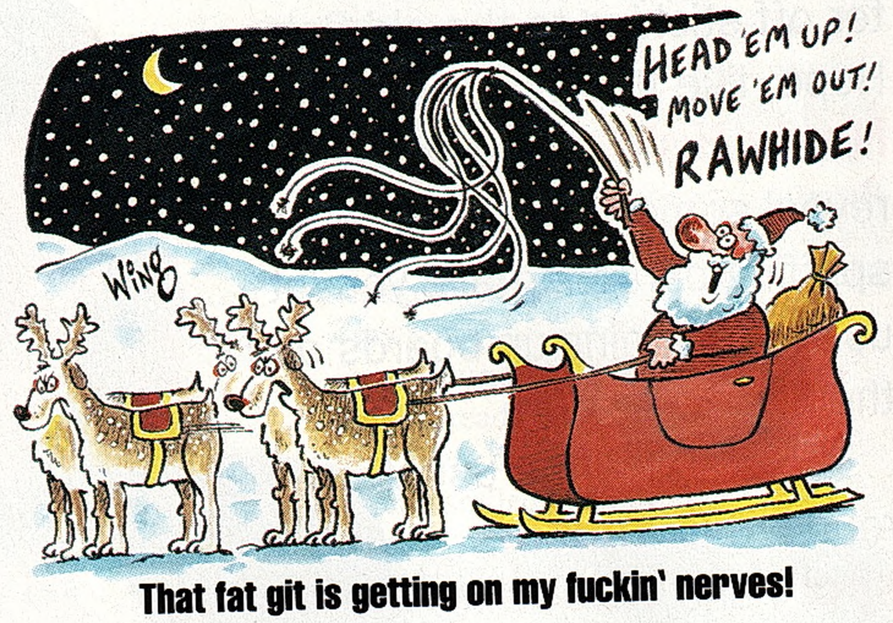
Anyway, I'd like to extend the offer of a game of tennis to Charlotte any time she fancies. In a quick match with her what else could the score be, but love-all? – *Callum, Reading*

FILTHY FILMS!

I've just returned from a summer break in Spain with my girlfriend, Lizzie, and I couldn't resist writing into Club and telling your readers of the fun we had. While we were there we met a couple, Carla and Alan, and we ended up being more than just good friends. In fact, I still haven't recovered...

During the first week, Alan and I went out a lot to the local bars, but it wasn't until we met Phil, who runs an advertising agency in Newcastle, that the real fun began. One night, after a few beers, he revealed that business was a bit slow and in order to make ends meet he had taken on a film contract making blue movies! Alan and I were all ears as he told us the details and then he made us an offer that we couldn't resist. "Why don't you come along to the next shoot?" he asked. "The fun kicks off at 6 o'clock tomorrow at my villa." We took the details and then headed home with a spring in our step!

I was in a state of excitement all through the next day and could hardly wait for the evening to come. We arrived at the villa and Phil showed us through to a room with a two-way mirror decked out with video monitors. "The set is on the other side of the mirrors," explained Phil, "but you'll be able to see and hear everything through the mirrors and on the monitors. I'll introduce you to the actors when they're through for the day. See you later..."



That fat git is getting on my fuckin' nerves!

We watched as Phil directed two men who were carrying a girl to the patio and setting her down on a sun-lounger, holding her legs apart to that he could get a "juicy cunt shot". Phil then turned to the girl, "I want you to suck their cocks until they beg for more, okay, babe?"

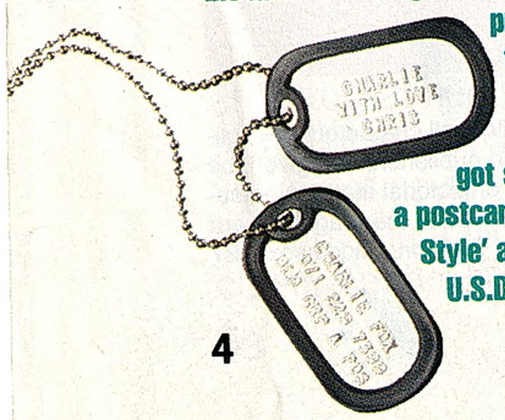
Alan was speechless and I had a hard-on like I've never had before. The girl was about twenty, had lovely breasts that one guy was sucking on, the other had two fingers up her pussy and was frigging her hard. Her moans filled the air, then she turned towards the camera. As she flung her hair off her face Alan gasped in shock, "Fuckin' hell," he yelled. "That's my Caroline!"

We watched as she sprawled across the ground,

rock'n'roll machine gun bimbos

doggy style

Genuine US military issue dog tags aren't just for Take That fans, you know. They're the latest accessory for the fashion conscious everywhere. Fortunately, you ain't gotta go Stateside to get 'em, 'cos *The US Dog Tag Co.* in London have got their hands on one of the last remaining die-stamp presses and for a tenner they'll print the message of your choice on two tags. Your name, address, blood group, vital statistics, whatever takes your fancy can be stamped onto the tag – and we've got six sets of them to give away. Just drop us a postcard to the usual address marked 'Doggy Style' and the first six win. Alternatively, call the U.S.D.T.C. for yourselves on 071-229-7399. ♣



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legs wide open and showing a pouting wet cunt. The camera moved in as she lowered her lips to one guy's cock and slowly peeled back his foreskin. Her tongue darted out and played around the guy's helmet, before her lips enveloped his shaft and she started sucking him off.

"Look at her, doesn't she look beautiful?" whispered Alan. "I can't believe she's going to get fucked by those two strangers. She doesn't even know that I'm watching." The two guys licked, sucked and then fucked an ecstatic Caroline until she was screaming with the pleasure of it all.

"Fuck me! Fuck me good and hard!" she pleaded. The grand finale saw the two guys directing their jerking cocks towards Caroline's face, and she gulped down their sticky loads.

"She's the best fuck of the day so far," said one of the guys loudly. "A real pro!"

"Okay," said Phil. "I've

continued on page 90

sonia

Photographs by Marco Mari

'Hey, ladies, is that an Uzi 9mm in your bikini – or are you just pleased to see me?' This might not sound like the most obvious chat-up line, but if you ever happen to cross paths with any of the leggy lovelies in *Rock 'n' Roll 3, Machine Gun Bimbos*, it could prove very effective. For ten quid you get fifty minutes of Lillian with her Luger, Tish with her Tommy gun and Adrianna with her AK47. The girls are all scantily clad in bikinis firing off rounds for the benefit of guys looking for a cross between *Baywatch* and *The A Team*. No sign of Kate Adie though. ♣

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Sophisticated Sonia may share her name with the silly Scouse singer, but that's where the similarity ends. The Berkshire babe believes in serious sensual seduction rather than bubbly babble. "Sex isn't something to joke

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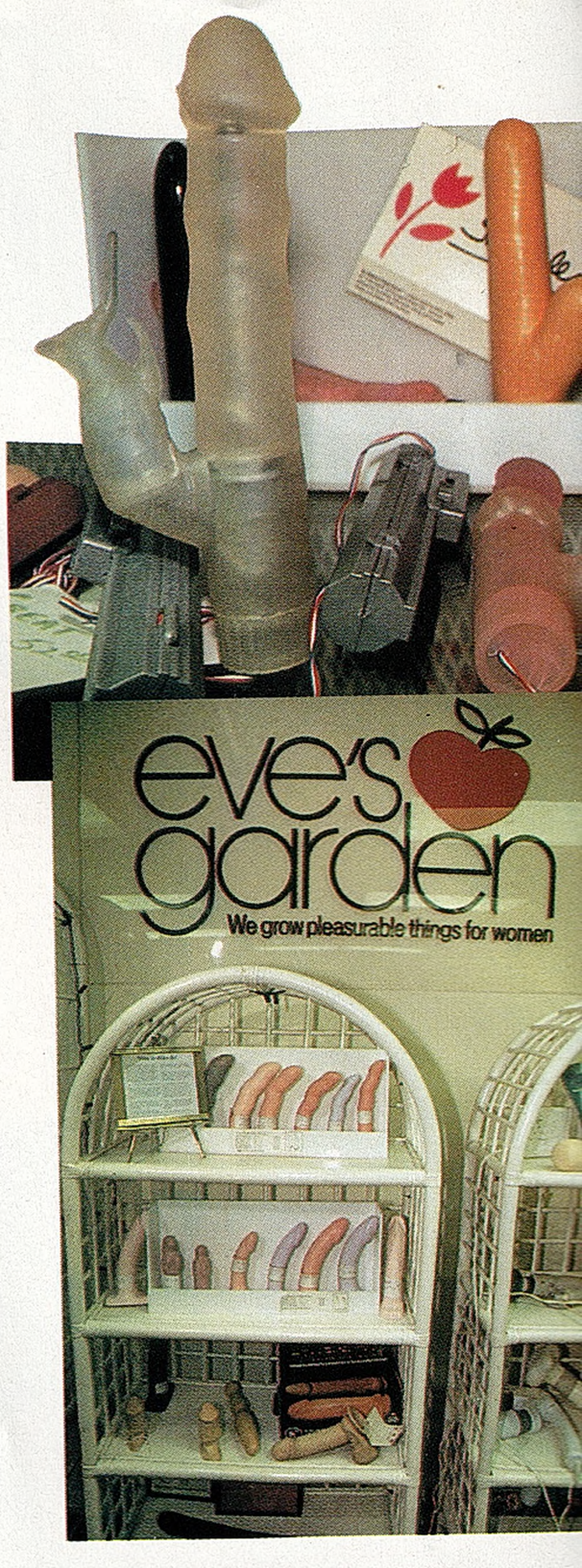
about," insists the 23-year-old. "It's far too good for that! That delicious feeling when a man's fingers first tease my nipples, his tongue on my pussy, the heat of his cock on my mouth – who needs silly gags when you've got that?!"

We couldn't agree more, Sonia! ♣

gorgeous!

ADRIANA S.

The latest babe to join the trendy Elite model agency is sexy Adriana Sklemarikova, and Club caught up with her basking in the sunshine on a Spanish island. Discovered two years ago, Adriana is 22-years-old and looks certain to be the next big name in catwalk modelling. She's already been snapped by the world's best fashion photographers and has featured in glossy mags Vogue, Elle and Cosmo. While waiting for her next assignment, Adriana is taking it easy and soaking up the Ibiza sunshine, where she has been seen out and about with Simply Red's Mick Hucknall. Lucky sod. ♣



RUBBER JOHNNY

Meet Johnny B Careful, the world's biggest collector of condoms. This sad man spends 14 hours a day flogging prophylactics, then comes home to admire his personal collection of over 1000 johnnies and 80 vending machines.

"Condoms were invented in 1564 by a randy Italian called Gabriel Fallopius to prevent the clap," maintains Johnny. "And in France, Louis XV – The Spunk King – had condoms made out of velvet." Any reader who wants to know how they felt are advised to wrap their cock in the curtains, but not while Aunt Maud's dropped in for a sherry... ♣

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BI NOW FOR LEZMAS

Are you looking for a present for the woman who has everything – including other women? Then slip into Eve's Garden, the first lesbian sex shop. Its range is hard to lick and includes mags, videos and dildos of all sizes to fit her Xmas box. The gals of NYC are flocking to the store to get their tuppence off the shop's best bi's, and to fill each other's stockings. ♣

SHOP WORN?

Great news for Xmas shoppers who are going off their trolley, the Mind Spa is coming to a shopping mall near you. The psychedelic spa claims to be a Jacuzzi for the brain, soothing stress with coloured lights and music. For around a fiver, the machine offers a 40 minute ride that'll bring the colour back to your knuckles. All you do is sit back, shut your eyes and trip out – presumably while somebody nicks all your fucking shopping and you have to start all over again. Bloody great! ♣

insight

XMAS PISS UP!

With the crowds in the High Street reaching saturation point and office parties just around the corner, the discerning man is left with only one option: get pissed. **Gavin Hills** propped up the bar at his local hostelry and sampled the best in bottled beers

It's an age old question: but just which lager should the respectable man around town choose to get slaughtered on? Gone are the days when a can of Watney's Red Barrel was considered 'classy', and someone putting a lime in your drink would get headbutted. Nowadays you can choose between beers from all around the world, and your local pub and off-licence are full of tipples from as far afield as Berlin and Brisbane. In the great tradition of investigative journalism, our man tasted the most popular bottled beers, unselfishly drinking crateloads of the stuff to ensure you, the Club consumer, gets to taste the top tipple for the festive season. Cheers (hic!)...

Fosters Ice
Price: 92p
Strength: 3.6%

What a load of cack this 'ice' rubbish is. Apparently it's a new process that makes your beer 'smoother with less after-taste'. In fact it just makes it completely tasteless. This is the worst beer I have ever tasted. It may well come from Down Under, but I'd gladly drink a pint of koala's piss instead.
Rating: 0/5

Red Stripe
Price: 75p
Strength: 3.8%

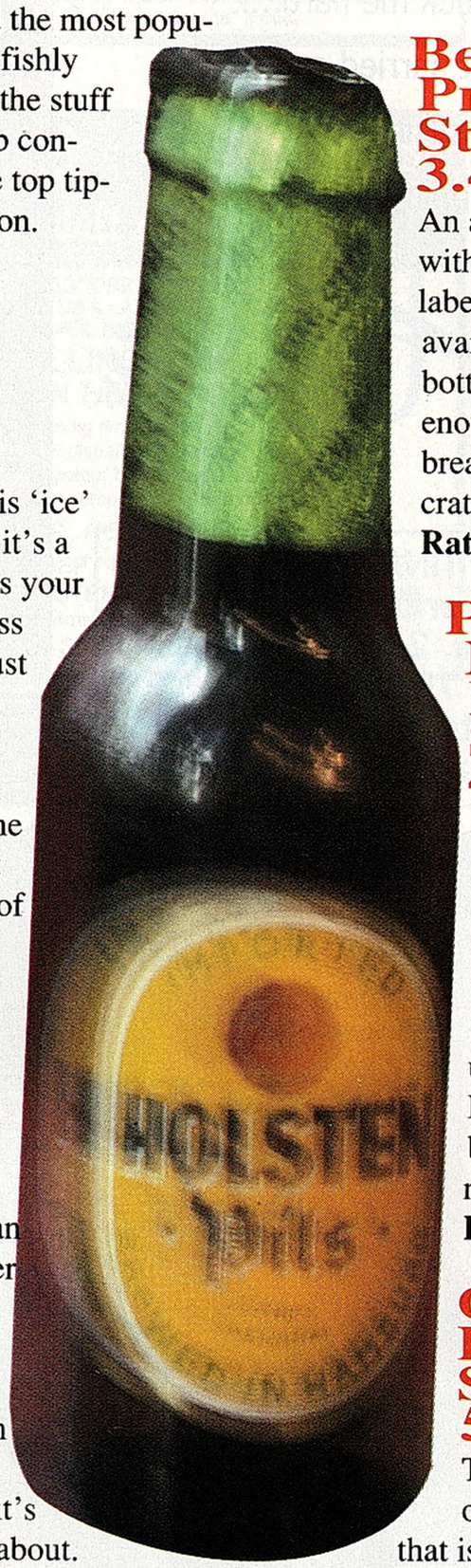
Red Stripe is a Jamaican lager that's brewed over here on licence. Not really suitable for a British winter, but it's ideal served ice cold on a hot summer's day. Has a full flavour, but it's nothing to write home about.
Rating: 3/5

Holsten Pils
Price: 82p
Strength: 4.2%

A very popular lager for a good reason. It tastes nice and gets you pissed. Why pay a fiver for a bottle of distilled Japanese goat's urine when you can get a good bottle of Holsten Pils down your neck? An ideal Christmas tipple.
Rating: 4/5

Newquay Steam
Price: £1.30
Strength: 4.6%

A wonderful bottle of nectar from the West Country. Pisses on most of the lagers available. There's no chemicals in this stuff and it's brewed in the traditional way. I liked it so much I drank four bottles and then pissed against the chip shop window.
Rating: 5/5



Becks
Price: 96p
Strength: 3.4%

An average tasting Kraut beer with a fancy label. This once-labelled 'designer' lager is available everywhere now. As bottled beers go, it's nice enough, although I wouldn't break my balls trying to get a crate of the stuff.
Rating: 3/5

Pilsor De Luxe
Price: 35p
Strength: 4%

Available from KwikSave in crates of ten, this is the stuff that was made for students. Light and soft to taste, it goes down like a coked-up Kirsten Imrie on a Page 3 model. Nice beer, nice taste and a nice price too.
Rating: 5/5

Grolsch
Price: £1.20
Strength: 5%

This beer has the charm of being one of the few that is actually brewed in Holland and not in this country 'under licence'. It also tastes good, and if you ever nip over the Channel you'll notice that the Continentals drink it. A sign of quality. It is a little expensive, but you have a quality assurance that all us pissheads look for.
Rating: 4/5

Budweiser Budwar
Price: £1.30
Strength: 5%

The Czech Budweiser is the original Budweiser whose name was taken up by the Americans. However the Czech beer is now regarded as one of the finest beers in Europe, and has become very fashionable and widely available. Up until six years ago, very little was drunk in this country but now you see it everywhere, most notably in the gutters of Soho along with diced carrot after the Club crew have enjoyed a night out. Perfect.
Rating: 5/5

Carling Extra
Price: £1.20
Strength: 5%

This stuff is scary. You need to freeze it to within an inch of its life for it to be palatable. Brewed somewhere near Sellafield on a harmless leak day, this is an attempt by the Carling Brewery to get in on the 'classy act' market. About as tasty as Margaret Thatcher on the rag, you could probably run your family saloon on the stuff.
Rating: 1/5

Coors Gold
Price: £1.20
Strength: 4%

Let's face it, America isn't a brewing culture. The beers are piss weak and watery and Coors Gold is the latest in a long line of non-beers. Bubbly, tasteless and too sweet on the palate, I'd give this one a wide berth. But hey, nice can though.
Rating: 2/5 ♣

tina hayes sex babe!

Photographs by Maria Clarke

Yo, Homeboys! It's your street-wise dude, Tina, here! Wicked, eh? It's no good I can't keep this cool talk up, but I am enjoying dressing like a babe from the Big Apple! I've only been to New York once but I loved its hot, dirty atmosphere – 'cos I'm a hot, dirty girl!

Say, let's imagine you're walking down Broadway. You spot me eating a pretzel from a street stand but I'm dying for a guy like you to take me to a bar and buy me a cold bottle of Coors.

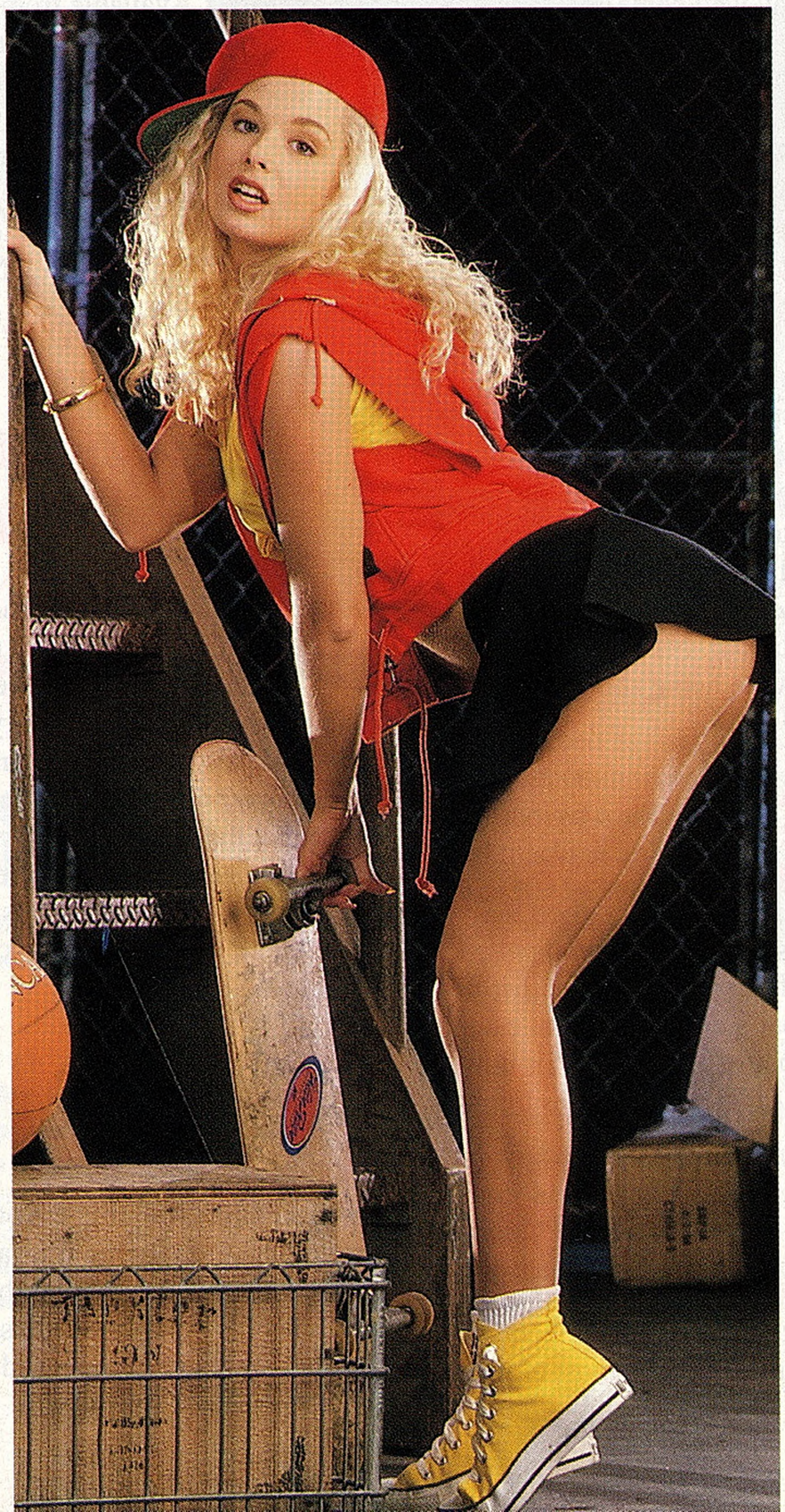
After a few bottles your hand is working its way up Main Street towards Central Park, if you get my meaning! Your palm on my hot bare thigh has me squirming excitedly, so it's back to my attic apartment for some real action.

It ain't no penthouse but we don't care. I've stripped off, and now I'm undoing your denim shirt and Levi's till you're down to your Calvin Kleins. A few gentle strokes and you're ready for a long fuck on the dusty floor. Go on, dude. fuck me, fuck me hard...!

Oh, sorry, I got carried away! This isn't New York it's Islington and I've gotta do the shopping. Still it was fun while it lasted wasn't it?

Tina xx

If you want TINA to fulfil your fantasy, then write to her at: Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HF. If you'd like a signed photo, include a large stamped self-addressed envelope.



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letters to tina

Dear Tina,
I was so thrilled to see the pictures of you dressed as a sexy secretary in the last issue of Club (Vol 23 No 11). Amy, my girlfriend, works as a secretary for a company director in the City and has confessed that it's always been a fantasy of hers to march into his office and slowly undress, before leaning over his desk and ordering him to take her right there and then!

When I showed Amy your pictures she decided to recreate all your poses – with yours truly playing the role of her boss! I was working late at the office last Friday night when Amy phoned to say she was on her way over. I couldn't believe my eyes when she arrived; her long hair was piled up on her head, she had on a pair of spectacles and was wearing a two-piece business suit. She sat down opposite me and opened her legs to reveal stockings and suspenders.

One thing lead to another and we ended up having sex

on my desk, although we made so much noise that we alerted security who caught us red-handed! Afterwards we agreed it would have been our ideal fantasy if you had caught us instead, Tina...

We can just imagine the surprised look on your face as you walk into my office and see us in the throes of loud and passionate sex. We're completely oblivious to your presence and you sit down in my big leather chair to watch. You're becoming turned on, you hitch up your skirt and start rubbing your clitty. We soon hear your groans and Amy can't resist getting stuck into you. I watch in pure delight as Amy licks her way up the insides of your thighs and explores your pussy with her tongue. You grip her head as you come, screaming loudly and urging me to join in on the action. What happens after that, Tina? I'll leave that to your imagination! – *Mike (and Amy), Guildford*

I think I've got a pretty good idea, Mike! I'd lay you down on the floor and then Amy and I would really get to work on you. I'd sit on your face and grind my wet pussy onto your mouth, while Amy would lower her pussy onto your cock. The whole scene would be so horny that it would only take a few minutes before we all came, then it would be back to your place to continue our fun! I've never had a threesome (yet!), but I reckon your naughty fantasy would take some beating – I'm getting very wet just thinking about it...

Dear Tina,

I've never seen pictures as sexy as the ones of you dressed as a secretary in the latest issue of Club (Vol 23 No 10). My cock was as stiff as a flag pole as I turned the pages and I became so turned on I just had to write in and suggest an idea for your next shoot.

If there's one thing that I find really erotic, it's the thought of you getting to grips with another girl, Tina. It would make an ideal Christmas pressie for all your fans! How about it? – *Jez, Leeds*

Well, Jez, I reckon it might just be your lucky day! – turn over the page and enjoy... – ***Tina*** ♣

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twice as much tina

tina & erin

Hi guys, it's me again fulfilling yet another fantasy – mine! Loads of you wrote in suggesting that I should get it together with another girl – and I have to admit that it's been top of my sexual fantasy league for years! I'd never been with a woman before, but I know I will be again. The moment I felt Erin's gentle fingers on my bare boobs, teasing my nipples till they were rock hard, I was hooked. Erin is a bi-bi birdie who loves sex with women and men. Well, if I'm honest, a dildo could never replace a lovely hot cock for me, but Erin's fingers on my pussy lips certainly taught me that as far as foreplay goes, I like lezzies!

Her warm fingers slowly circled my pussy whilst her moist red lips sucked hard on my nipples. I was completely breathless even then, but when her slim forefinger slid inside my pussy while her thumb touched my sensitive clitty I just exploded. Then she moved down to finish me off with her mouth and licked me to a beautifully slow orgasm.

Oh, thank you for writing in and giving me the chance to lose my lezzie virginity, lads! It was lovely – now I can enjoy the sexiest of both worlds. Wonderful! – **Tina** ♣

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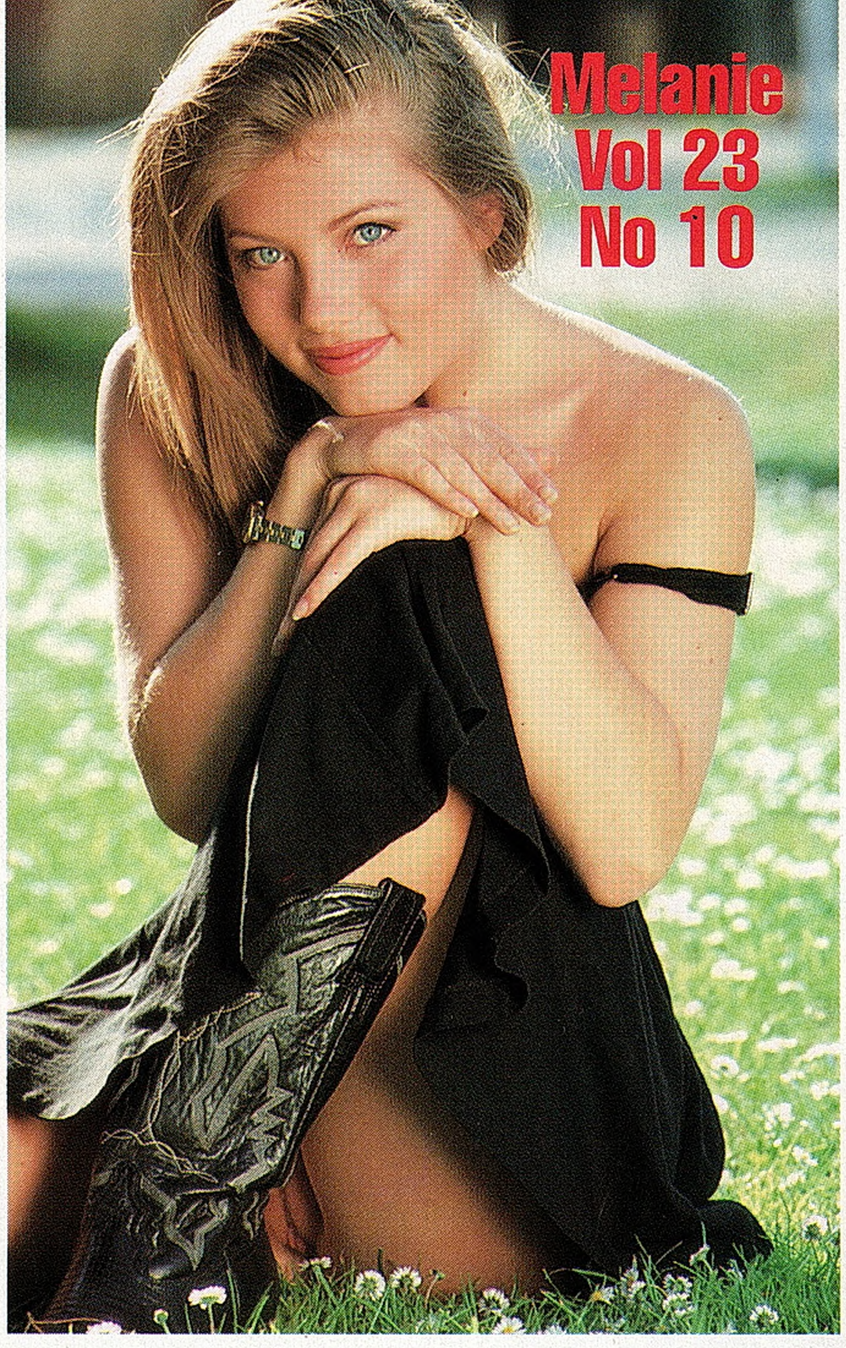
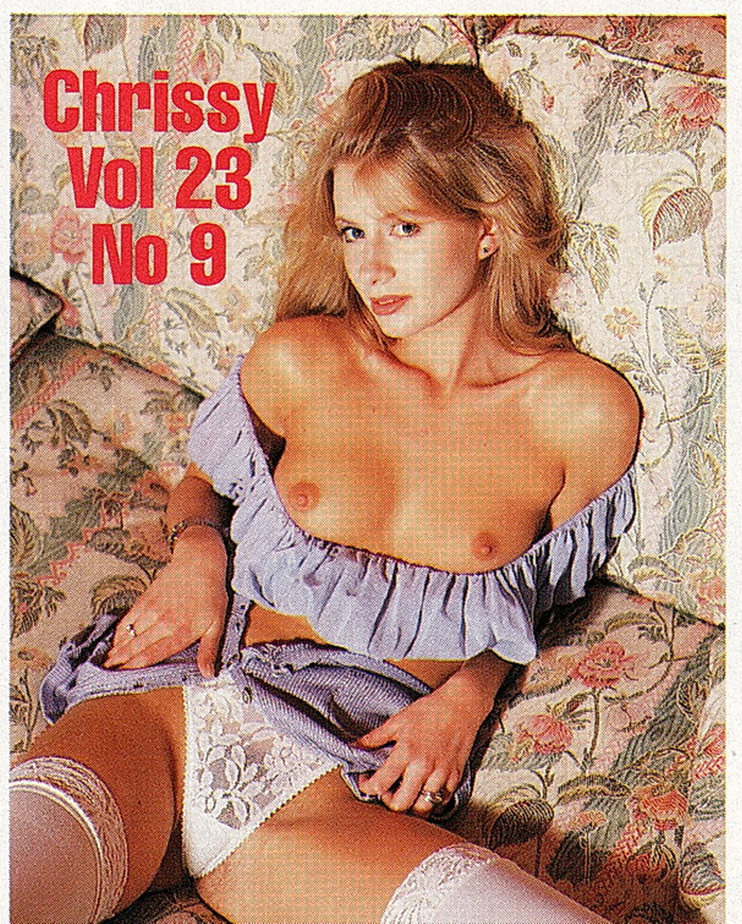


Vote Girl of the year 1994

Will it be Kate Moss? Will it be Whigfield? Or will it be the girl with the short blue skirt you pass every day on the way to work? Naaaah, you've got to be gorgeous, naughty and nude to be voted our official Girl of the Year. You've also got to have been all three of these in Club International over the last twelve months. So will you be voting for Renata or will you just leave it to everyone else and then complain about who won? Vote for your favourite right hand girl by writing her name on a postcard and sending it to: Club Girl of the Year, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HF. The lucky lady winner will be announced in Club Vol 24 No 1. ♣



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READERS' LIVES

Fighting, drinking and leering at birds – it's all in a night's work for **Adam Porter**, the bloke who makes Rab C Nesbitt looks classy

I didn't mean to start a riot. All I wanted was the garlic mushrooms. That, and the girl from Maida Vale who sat at the opposite table. It all started when my mate Josh decided to have his Xmas party at Jaspers, a restaurant deep in the heart of the West End. Jaspers is basically a pick-up joint that serves burgers. You are seated at a numbered table and given, along with your menu, a map with all the other table numbers on it. Upon your table is a telephone and you are able to use this device to contact any of the tables. The idea is not to extend conversation to other diners, but to ogle at anyone you fancy and attempt to pull them by whispering sweet nothings down the line.

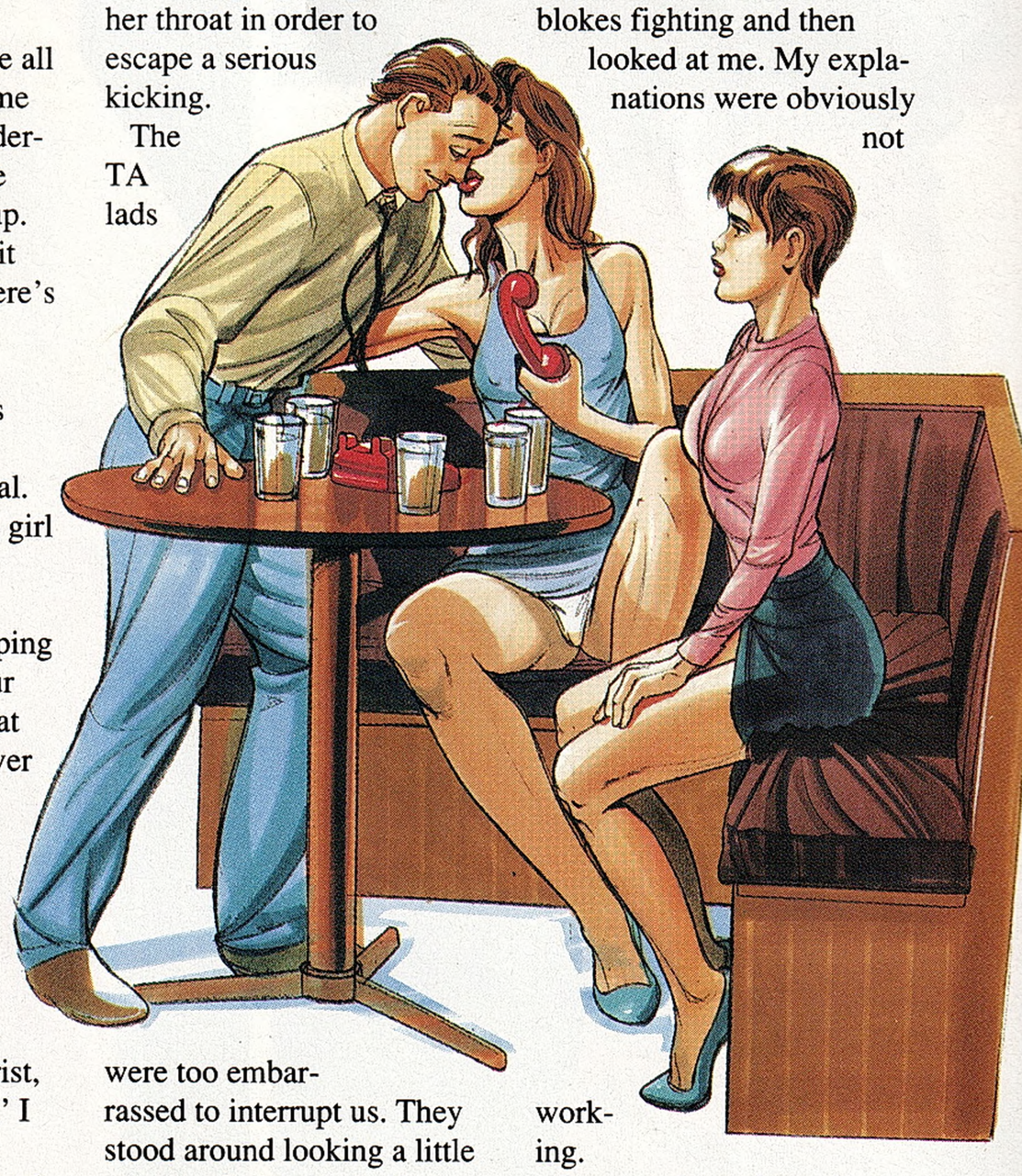
Anyway, there we were all seated at our table with me the only one (of ten!) ordering food. Everybody else was just getting tanked up. The phone rings, in fact it doesn't stop ringing. There's Angel who works in Selfridges and lives in Purley. Shirley who sells fridges and lives in the Angel. You know the deal. I finally get chatting to a girl called Kim who sounds great. She's charming, amusing and keeps dropping sexual innuendos into our conversation. To my great fortune she invites me over to her table, which is on the other side of the room. I wander over there and my luck is in, she's a corker. As I sit down next to her, she gives me a kiss and puts her arm around me. 'Christ, she's got perfect breasts,' I think, but I don't let this thought slip out as I pretend to be interested in quizzing her about her job in a clothes shop. Things are going well. Then the phone rings...

It's my mates on the phone, making lurid sexual comments to my dearly beloved and casting doubts on my sexuality. Of course, it's all good-natured banter, and yes, I want to murder them all. The phone rings again. "Fuck off you wankers, I'll kill you all!" I shout. I did not realise this was in fact not my mates.

No, this was the lads from table 40 and they were the Territorial Army on a night out. Oh shit.

As they walk over, I decided it was time for a major panic. I could get under the table, I could pretend it wasn't me or I could get my mates to bail me out with their fists. What did I do? I snogged the face off Kim. I did the time-honoured trick of sticking my tongue down her throat in order to escape a serious kicking.

My mates were on the phone casting doubts on my sexuality



The TA lads were too embarrassed to interrupt us. They stood around looking a little unsure of what to do, then one lad piped up, "I think it must have been table 52, not 42." I was saved. The TA lads wandered around the corner, then they came face-to-face with the guys from table 52. It was great, within seconds major shit was going down. The TA attacked table 52 – the guys from the rugby club – and all of a sudden a Wild West number was upon us. Chairs, tables and glasses were flung through the air, and I decided to extricate myself from Kim's mouth. "You're fresh!" she cried. "I thought you liked me. What was that all about? I never asked you to snog me!" I tried to explain as she chased me out the door; the ruck now in 'break-it-up-lads' mode, Crystal Waters blaring at full volume and one of my mates lying face down in his own vomit. A crowd of girls surrounded him, laughing. Kim looked at him, looked at the blokes fighting and then looked at me. My explanations were obviously not working.

I ran up the stairs and out into the evening air. I felt safe. Then the police arrived. I tried to get out of their way, but in doing so I knocked over a large bin that bounced along the pavement and crashed through the window of Jaspers. I was grappled nose-to-pavement by the Met's finest. I was caught, then it was on to court. In all, 28 people were arrested. Needless to say Kim never returned my calls. Shame. "Nice tits," as they say... ♣

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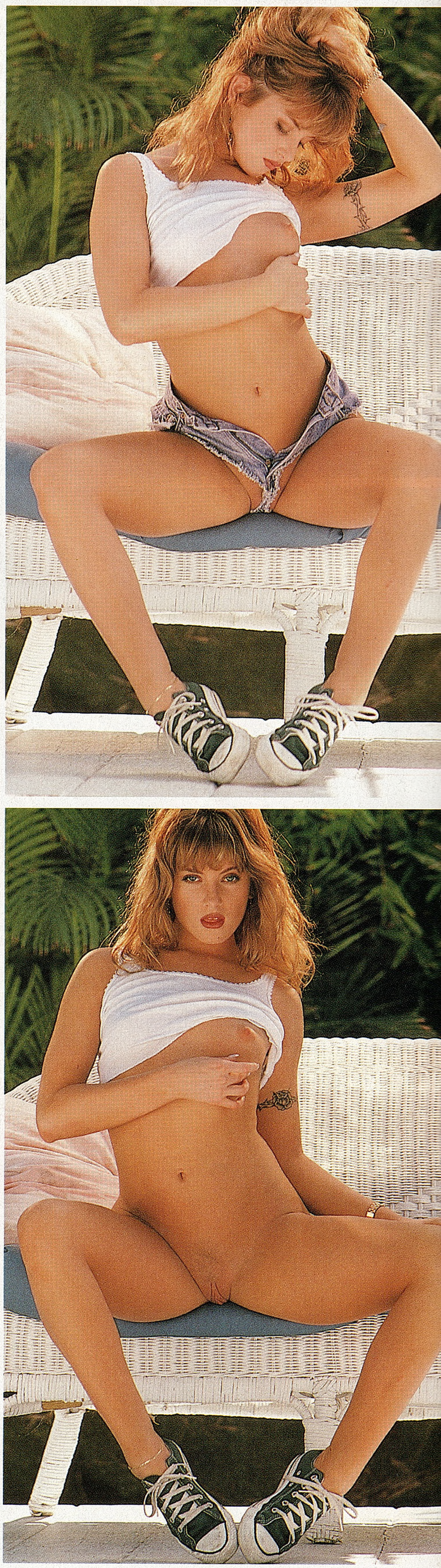
Lisa

Photographs by
Scott Evans

shah99 scan

The sun might come out about as often as Dr Legg in EastEnders these days, but that doesn't stop Lisa from indulging in her obsession for outdoor sex. In the country, on the beach, by the pool – the 20-year-old girl from Hampshire has fucked lucky fellas in all these locations.



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"It's wonderful! The feeling of two hot bodies together on the cool grass sets my skin tingling," she claims. "A guy's lips on my nipples soon warms me up and a cock feels so hot as it slips inside, it almost burns! I'm hoping to celebrate Boxing Day with a bonk on the beach, but I can't find a guy brave enough... Any offers, lads?" ♣

shah99 scan

the 12 hates of xmas

The festive season? Stuff it up your arse, says miserable bleeder, **Bill Shipton**. And here's a dozen reasons why...

Twelve Wankers Working

It's pantomime time, so every no-hoper who's ever appeared on telly has a job for a change. Seriously sad cases like Don Estelle and Christopher Biggins will actually be earning – and there's no avoiding them! Even if you don't go to see your local panto, these bastards still turn up on telly in their fucking stupid costumes. The only good thing is that sometimes women you fancied ten years ago (like Cheryl Baker) perform in tights and if you sit in the front row, you might just be able to see her fanny. But then again you might also see Chris Biggins' cock...

Eleventh Hour Shopping

What's the point, eh? Fighting your way around toy shops to buy little Timmy the only bit of Disney merchandise under £100, then rushing to Boots to get Granny a big box of lavender talc to stop her reeking of piss. Yeuch! Shops at Christmas are a nightmare, they play canned carols on tinny speakers and, worse still, have character counter staff. If I want to see Baloo in my local Woolworth's, I'll take class A drugs, thank you.

Ten Pages Parting

Then there's the huge bloody issue of The Radio Times. It has 250 pages and costs about £75, and what do we get? Noel Edmonds in a silly hat with a party blower, Paul Daniels sitting by a log fire, Michael Barrymore throwing polystyrene snowballs at kids, that cunt from *Crimewatch* trying to convince everybody he's a really nice guy and some fucking unrecognisable weatherman dressed as Charles Dickens. Fuck that.

Nine Crackers Failing

When will people learn that crackers are a total waste of time? Out of any box (a snip at £20), four pull apart as excitingly as a wet bog roll, two are empty, another two contain things that are positively lethal to any child under 36 months and one smells suspiciously like Granny has used it to mop up one of her unfortunate pantie accidents. Spend the money on booze instead.

Eight Weeks Of Wincing

As if Christmas wasn't bad enough, the holiday adverts start. At the stroke of midnight on December 25th there's two solid months of arty shots attempting to persuade you to spend two weeks on a Spanish building site. "Did you know I just got £50 off my holiday by travelling with Lunn Poly?" Fuck off and die, you boring bastard!

Seven Hours Puking

Orange Matchmakers, liqueur chocolates, Mr Kipling's sickly cakes and gallons of warm Lambrusco – things you wouldn't normally touch with a bargepole, but scoff down in 48 hours over Christmas. No wonder we spend most of the night performing liquid arias into the big white opera house.

Six Ads Go Missing

What happened to the great Christmas adverts? I refer to the Woolworth's ad where a host of yesterday's celebs (Ruth Madoc, Don Estelle, etc) went around the store singing the prices; Henry Cooper's Brut advert (who wants to smell like an elderly boxer anyway?); the Tia Maria ad with the war-painted woman; the one for advocaat that featured a 60s blonde who simpered 'Eveninks and morninks, I drink Warninks'; the stagecoach full to the brim with crap British sherry; and Jon Pertwee's masterfully-voiced Buckeroo commercial. Ahh, absent friends...

Five Old Things

As you get the family together, they'll begin to reminisce. There's your Mum trying desperately to find something in your stagnant career to boast about to their friends, Uncle Bob's wartime stories, Auntie Doris' sherry-induced singing (imagine Gracie Fields on steroids) and randy old Uncle Jim telling vastly exaggerated stories of his sexual conquests, "Bet you're one for the ladies, eh son?" Piss off and die, you filthy pervert...

Four Corny Turds

Television is terrible at Christmas, in particular the game shows when stars take on the role of the public and play for charity. You know that they're getting more in appearance fees than any of the poor punters could ever win. To make them seem like better value, the producers dress the stars in stupid costumes. If I ever see Nora Batty dressed as a fairy again, 1995 will be the year I take to serial killing.

Three Drenched Friends

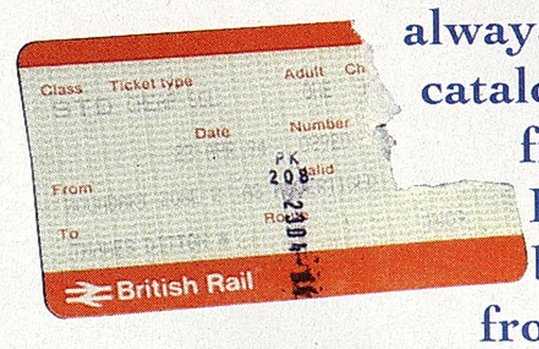
You're sitting at home quite contentedly when the doorbell rings. It's rapidly followed by a chorus of *We Wish You A Merry Christmas*, giggling and more bell ringing. Hide under the window (like you do when the Christian Aid people come to pick up their envelope). They'll soon piss off and try next door.

Two Awful Pubs

Christmas lunchtime is the worst day of the entire licensing year. The bar is packed with men in new cardigans who never go at any other time of the year. And the bar staff hate you, they're dying to have the afternoon off and sit down and watch the big film like the rest of us.

Last month we asked you to send us your favourite skinning-up board; the record cover or hardback that you always find yourself using when rolling a 'recreational cigarette'. The results were quite startling...

In addition to the predictable collection of Frank Zappa, Doors and Grease LP covers, we received details of more bizarre spliffing paraphernalia. Mark from Heysham says he always uses his Argos catalogue, Jason from Borsal Heath a massage book, Jonathon from Battersea can't even thinking of skinning up on anything except his *Calvin & Hobbes: Weirdos From Another Planet* book, while Leon from Clapham mulls on a high-sided tea tray. Nottingham stoner Waz and his missus swear by straw



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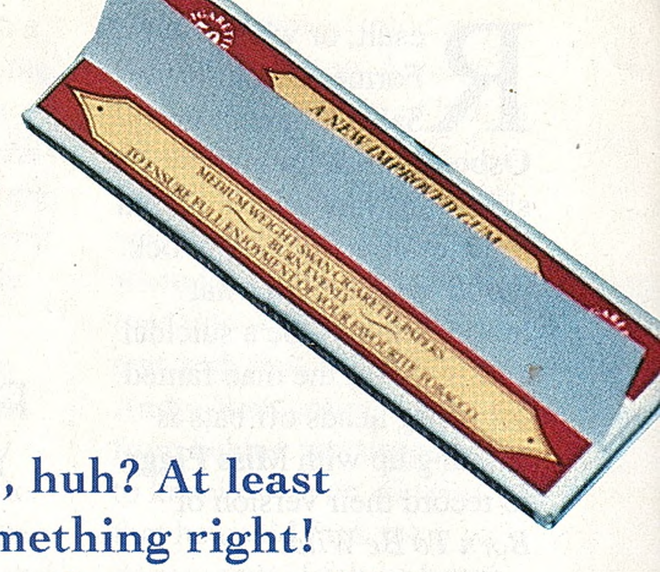
Nasty Habits



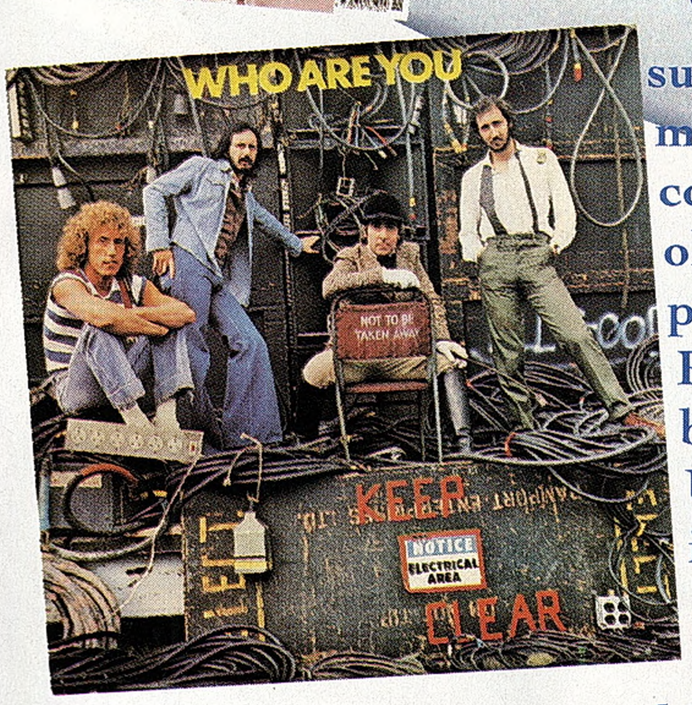


table mats or, when on holiday, those roll-up sun-mats you buy on the beach. Adam from Newcastle even told us that in his front room there is an old wooden chair set aside specifically for building joints, which is constantly covered in broken Silk Cut and crinkled Rizla papers.

We also received a number of suggestions for good roaching material, ranging from the front cover of this very magazine to old Christmas cards, cornflake packets and nightclub flyers. But the most popular suggestion by far was using old London Underground tickets to roll up in the end of your Rizlas. Apparently, they have the perfect springy-ness combined with ideal thickness.

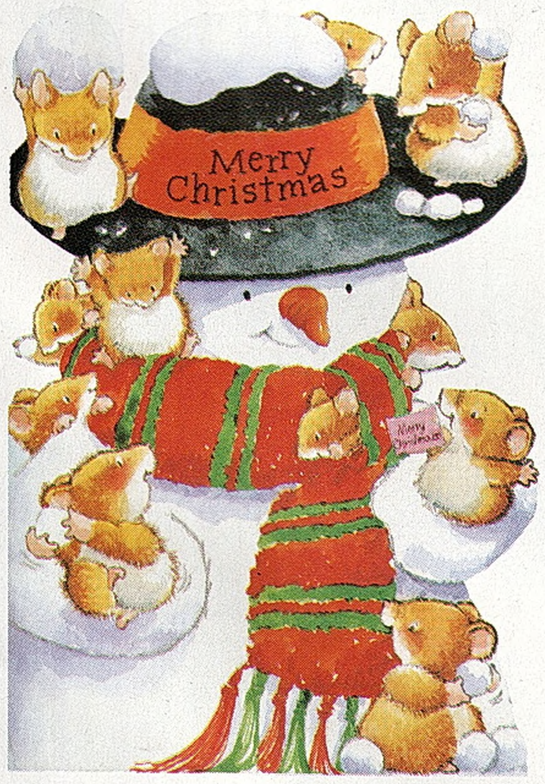
Good old L.U., huh? At least they've got something right!

Amongst the other essential items put forward by you to ensure a trouble-free toking session, were bags of crisps, packets of chocolate HobNobs, the tv remote control, a pot of tea and the telephone number for your local Pizza Hut.

For some unexplained reason, the four thousand or so other readers who sent us their smoking suggestions forgot to say what they were. ♣

And An Old Fart Reading Page Three

Finally, there's loveable old Santa Claus himself – or



rather, any old dribbly they can get for next to nothing. Let's face it, the only people who would even consider the job are lonely old men who relish the chance to chat up a harrassed mother and have a toddler piss on their lap. Which, erm, funnily enough, is exactly what I'm doing this year... Happy Christmas, you fucking bastards! ♣

Fuckin' joyriders

SMOKIN'!

'A breakthrough in pipe technology', is how *Pipedreams*, the company that makes tokin' tools for cool cats, describe their latest pipe. Encased in metal, the brass pipe comes with a cleaning pin and a little compartment for your weed and still costs less than a quarter of Red Leb! Like wow...

They've kindly supplied us with a pipe to give away, but in case you're not lucky enough to win it, you can get details from Pipedreams at PO Box 4434, London SW19 8XP. Send us a postcard to the usual address, marked 'Dope Head' and the first, like, out of, ermm, the hat, wins. Coool.♣

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FROG IN THE THROAT

Green reptiles, Greenpeace and other groupie gossip from award-winning (1st place in the 100 yard sack race, Penicuik High School 1982) music journo, **James T Bone**

Froggy Osbourne rocks out

Result, or what? Former Black Sabbath singer **Ozzy Osbourne** releases a new single this month that should see him blanked by the rock world for good. In what looks certain to be a suicidal career move, the man famed for biting heads off bats is teaming up with **Miss Piggy** to record their version of *Born To Be Wild*.

The duet is taken from the album, *Kermit – Unpigged*, and also sees Linda Ronstadt, Dennis Leary, Bruce Willis and Leslie Nielson all queueing up to make themselves look like complete cunts. I'm sorry, but when Jim Henson kicked the bucket I assumed that those irritating little puppets would soon be joining him. How wrong I was...

● It's a good month for all you bookworms out there. **George Martin**, the legendary Beatles producer, has just written *Summer Of Love*, a book that chronicles the efforts that went into making *Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* during 1967. A worthwhile read for Beatles fans, it goes into exacting details that would make a trainspotter blush.

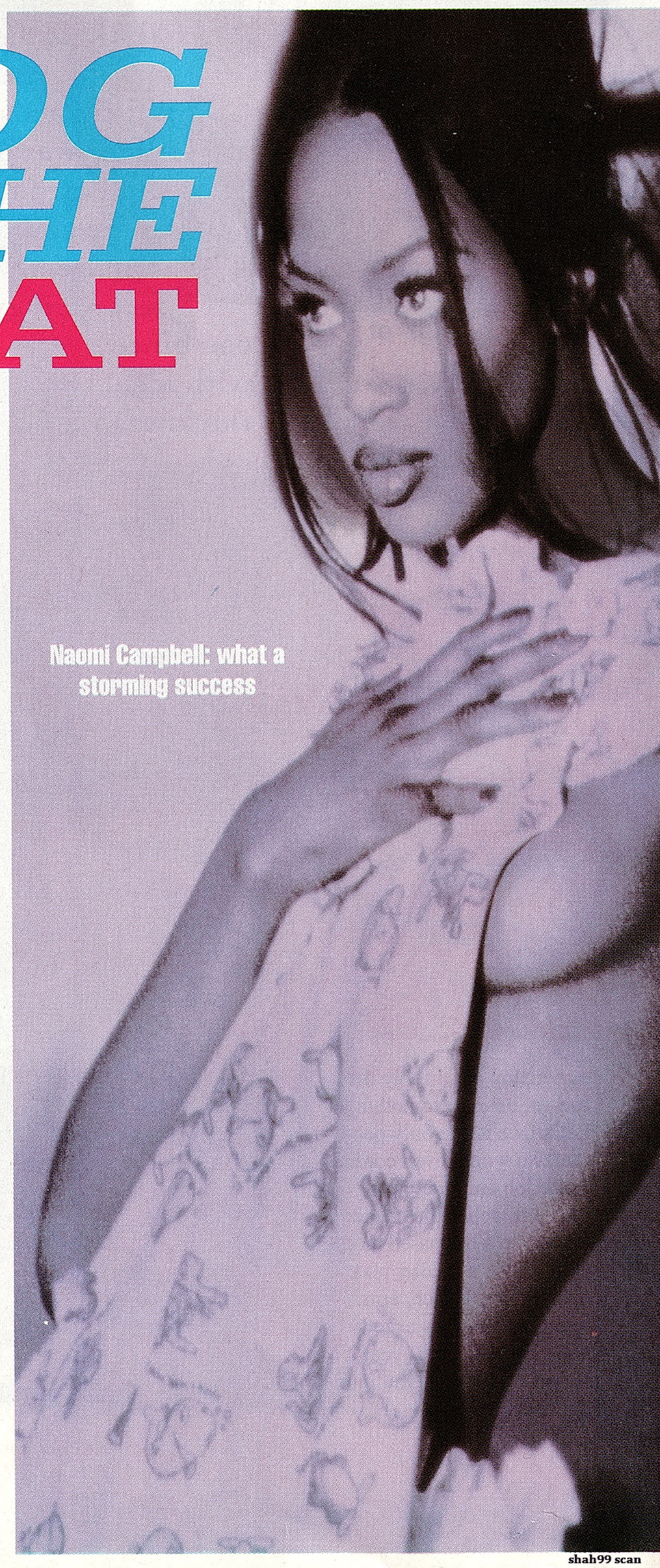
Meanwhile *Rolling Stone* writer, **Peter Guralnick**, has just finished a weighty tome, *Last Train To Memphis*, that examines the rise of Elvis Presley from his birth in 1935 through to his mother's death in 1958. Veering away from the usual sleaze associated with books on The King, the author spent ten years researching this book and a second volume covering the years 1958-1977 is due for publication in a couple of years. It'll take you that long just to wade through this!

● Looks like Greenpeace supporters, **U2**, have shot themselves in the feet. After supporting the charity for years, the band have been criticised after guitarist The Hedge felled a line of trees leading to his home in France to make way for a driveway, while Bobo has been rearranging the landscape near his Dublin home to make way for a £1million swimming pool. Christ, what next? Sting caught in seal clubbing controversy, Linda McCartney revealed as a torturer of little puppies. The mind boggles.

● Speaking of U2, their bassist Adam Claypole may not be dipping his wick into **Naomi Campbell** any more, but at least he has something to remember the Streatham-born supermodel by – a pair of her knickers! The panties in question have been framed and currently adorn the wall of the band's Dublin nightclub, Mr Pussy's Deluxe Cafe, and are cryptically signed "From one pussy to another".

● Plumstead's finest, **Shampoo**, caused mayhem on a recent trip to Paris. After too many sherries, Jacqui and Carrie ended up filling their beds with chicken curry, raiding the hotel's mini-bar, smearing cake into the carpet and spraying the walls

Black Crowes: not going underground



Naomi Campbell: what a storming success

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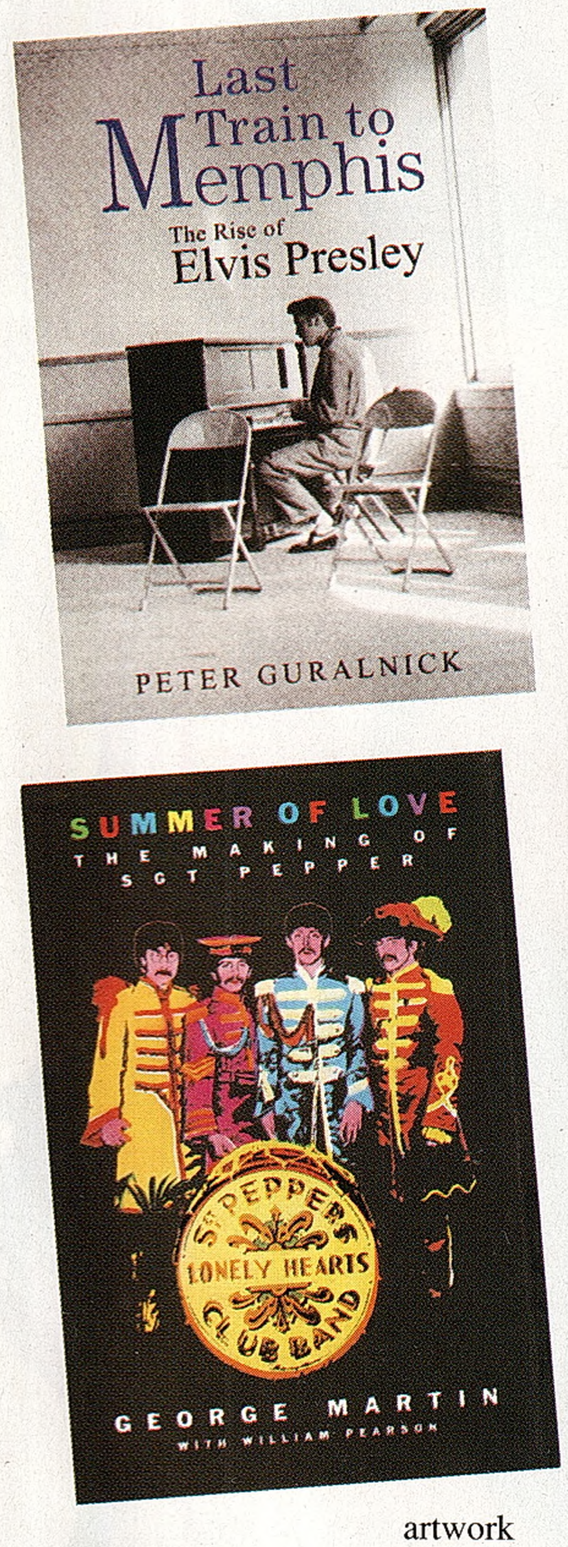
with champagne. On arrival of the hotel manager, the dastardly duo legged it leaving their press officer to placate the irate Frenchman – who demanded £4000 to cover the damages. Jesus, these two make **Oasis** look like Ace of Base.

● The new LP from the **The Black Crowes**, *Amorica*, was released last month and very good it is too. But what really caught Club's eye was the stunning



artwork on the cover, which has already been banned by London Underground chiefs who fear the sight of giant posters displaying a tiny glimpse of pubic hair will turn commuters on the Northern Line into crazed sexual degenerates.

● Finally, would-be rockers in serious lack-of-chicks mode should consult a new fanzine called **Slapper**. Billed as "a groupie's guide to gropeable bands", it contains hints on how to stalk your favourite long-haired love object, and then the best hotel to shag him in! Launched by Jenny Slapper, you can get info by sending an SAE to Real Time, 16-18 Ramillies Place, London W1V 1DL. See ya'll! ♣

Libby

Photographs by Viv Thomas

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If you're looking to pull a cracker over the festive season, then South London is the place to be. Lovely Libby, the 21-year-old bar-maid from Brixton, claims she's copped off with a different fella every Christmas Day since she can remember at the pub where she works. "It's a tradition of mine," laughs Libby. "I'll grab my mistletoe and

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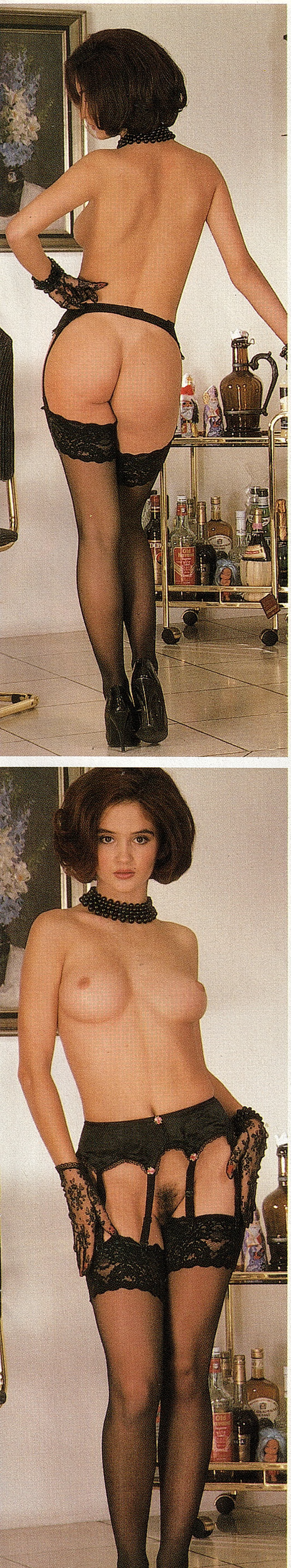

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find the best kisser – and I know every man wants to give the bar-maid one. A kiss, I mean!

Then when I've got my man, let's just say that I like to get a stiff one down my neck!"

We'll drink to that, Libby! ♣

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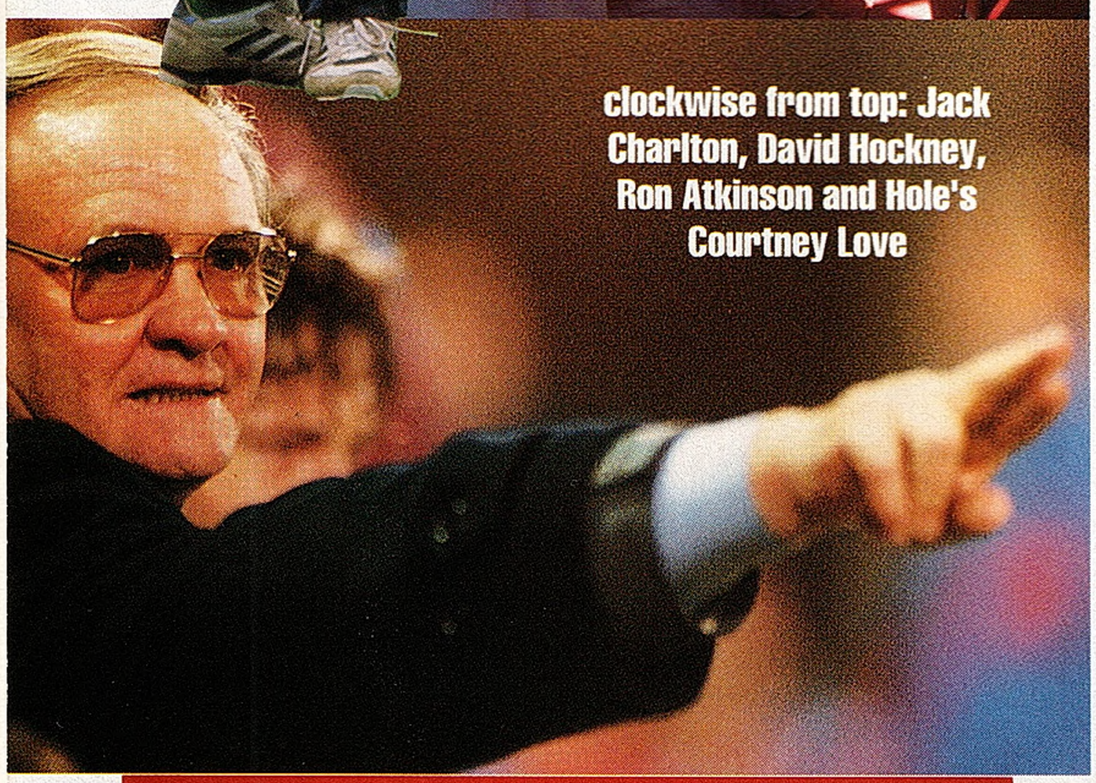
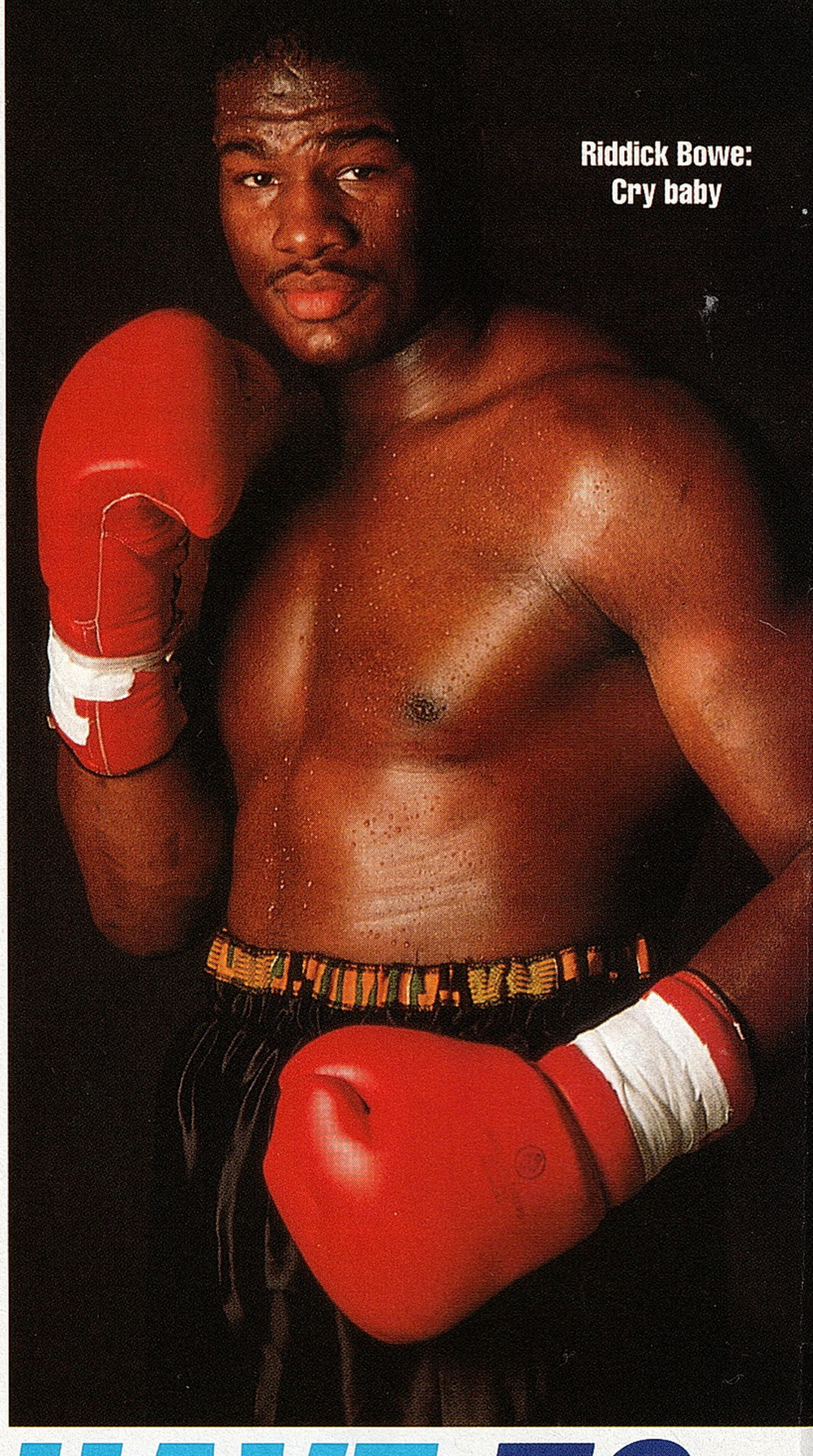
I'LL HAVE TO HURRY YOU

Put your kids on the fire, send the logs to bed and prepare to be entertained, enlightened and annoyed by **Maurice Short** as he proudly presents his Christmas Sports Quiz (again)...



clockwise from top: Jack Charlton, David Hockney, Ron Atkinson and Hole's Courtney Love

Riddick Bowe: Cry baby



1) Of which former World Heavyweight Champion was it said, "He's so lazy he cries every time he wakes up"?
a) Riddick 'Big Daddy' Bowe
b) Mitch 'M.E.' McCrory
c) Sam 'Snoozy' Masalinga

2) Which pop group was chosen to help the German squad make their catchy World Cup record?
a) Hole
b) Mitzi Von Gazonker and her Bavarian accordion ensemble
c) The Village People

3) Which country's women's athletics team posed for a nude calendar to raise funds for their Commonwealth Games trip?
a) The Falkland Islands
b) Scotland
c) Australia

4) Of which World Cup goalie did Ron Atkinson say, "His outfit must have been designed by Ray Charles"?
a) Jorge Campos (Mexico)
b) Tomas Ravelli (Sweden)
c) Bodo Ilgner (Germany)

5) Which England cricketer posed naked for a women's magazine?
a) W.G. Grace
b) Mike Gatting
c) Chris Lewis

6) A top squash player boosted their public profile by appearing in newspaper photos wearing sexy silk underwear. Who was it?
a) Jonah Barrington
b) Martine Le Moigan
c) Susan Devoy

7) How did David Billabona of Athletic Bilbao fall foul of the Spanish Football Association?
a) Announced he was a woman trapped in a man's body
b) Made a record called Sexy Shooting Machine with Julio Iglesias
c) Pissed on a goalpost during his team's match with Bilbao

8) Which sportswoman replaced supermodel Claudia Schiffer in adverts for one of Europe's most popular chocolate bars?
a) Fatima Whitbread
b) Franziska Van Almsick
c) Gabriella Sabatini

9) Artist David Hockney once had a life-size picture of a famous footballer on his studio wall. When asked about it he said, "I'm not a football fan. I just like his thighs". Who was the lucky player?
a) Stuart Pearce
b) Dennis Law
c) Terry Hennessey

10) Trevor Stemp won the World Championship of which sport at Wisborough Green, Sussex this year?
a) Conkers
b) Welly throwing
c) Lawnmower racing

11) Before the 1938 World Cup Soccer Finals Germany took an unusual step to strengthen their squad. What was it?
a) Put all the players on a strict sauerkraut diet
b) Invaded Austria and drafted several of the nation's players into their squad
c) Made having sex with an international player a criminal offence

12) In which sport would you find 'God' and

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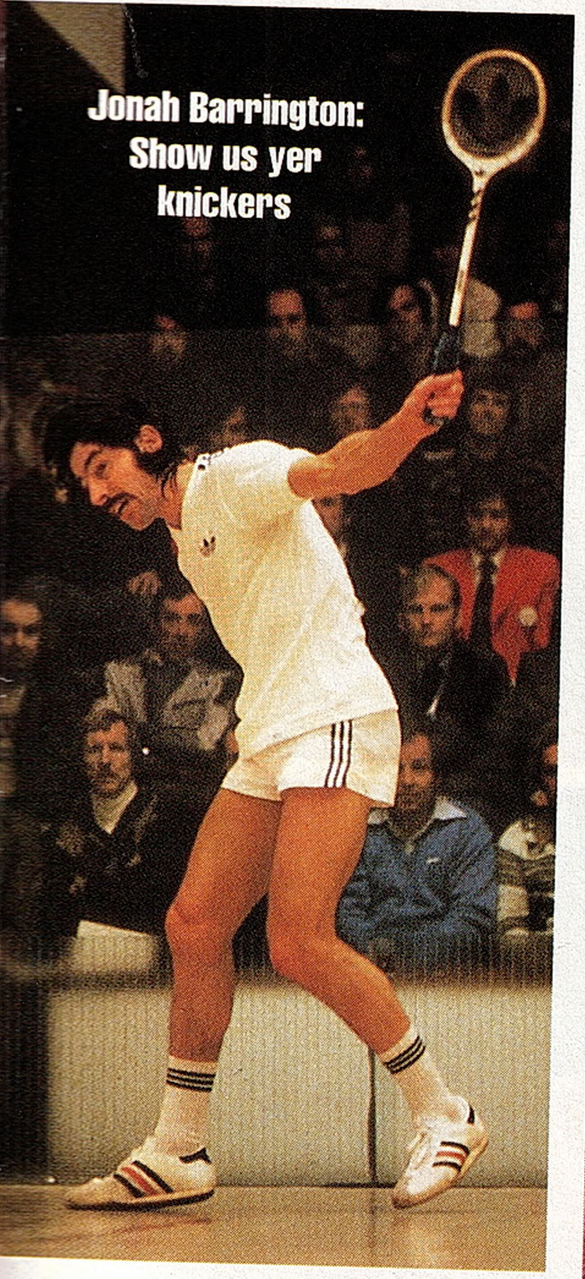
'Buddha' playing in the same team?
a) Cloud racing
b) Australian rules football
c) Finch sport

13) If Jack Charlton was in need of new players where would he go to watch O'Higgins FC?
a) Chile
b) Kilburn
c) Boston

14) Which former England international footballer has the middle name Winston?
a) Carlton Palmer
b) Viv Anderson
c) Gary Lineker ♣



Jonah Barrington: Show us yer knickers

ANSWERS

1) a, 2) c, 3) c, 4) a, 5) c, 6) b, 7) c, 8) b (she's a teenage swimmer), 9) b, 10) c (he was driving an Atco 35cc, in case you're interested), 11) b, 12) b (they are the nicknames of Gary Ablett and Gary Hocking, players from the Geelong Cats), 13) a, 14) c.

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Calling all artists! Stunning student Carla would like you to paint her nude, and not necessarily on the canvas! "I have this fantasy about being covered from head-to-foot in different coloured paint and then squirming around with another freshly-coated girl," reveals the 19-year-old who's studying for a BA in Fine Art. "As our naked bodies rub together, the colours would merge causing ever-changing patterns. I reckon it would look amazing – and feel

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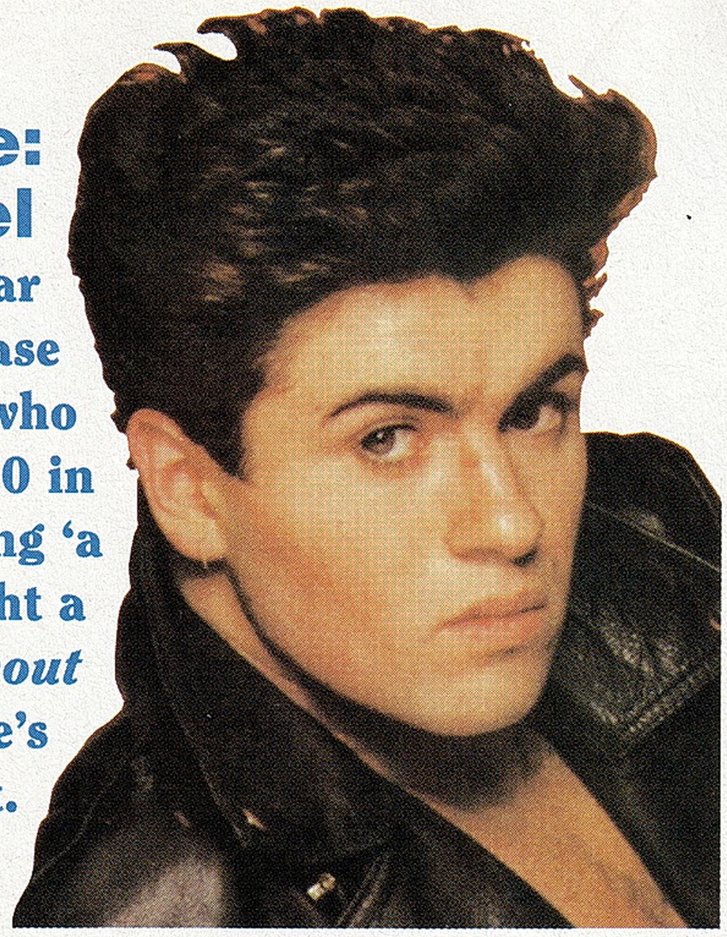
pretty good too! Mind you, the paint would have to taste good too, 'cos I know I wouldn't be able to keep my tongue off the other girl!" Oooh, what a picture, eh fellas? ♣

club carla

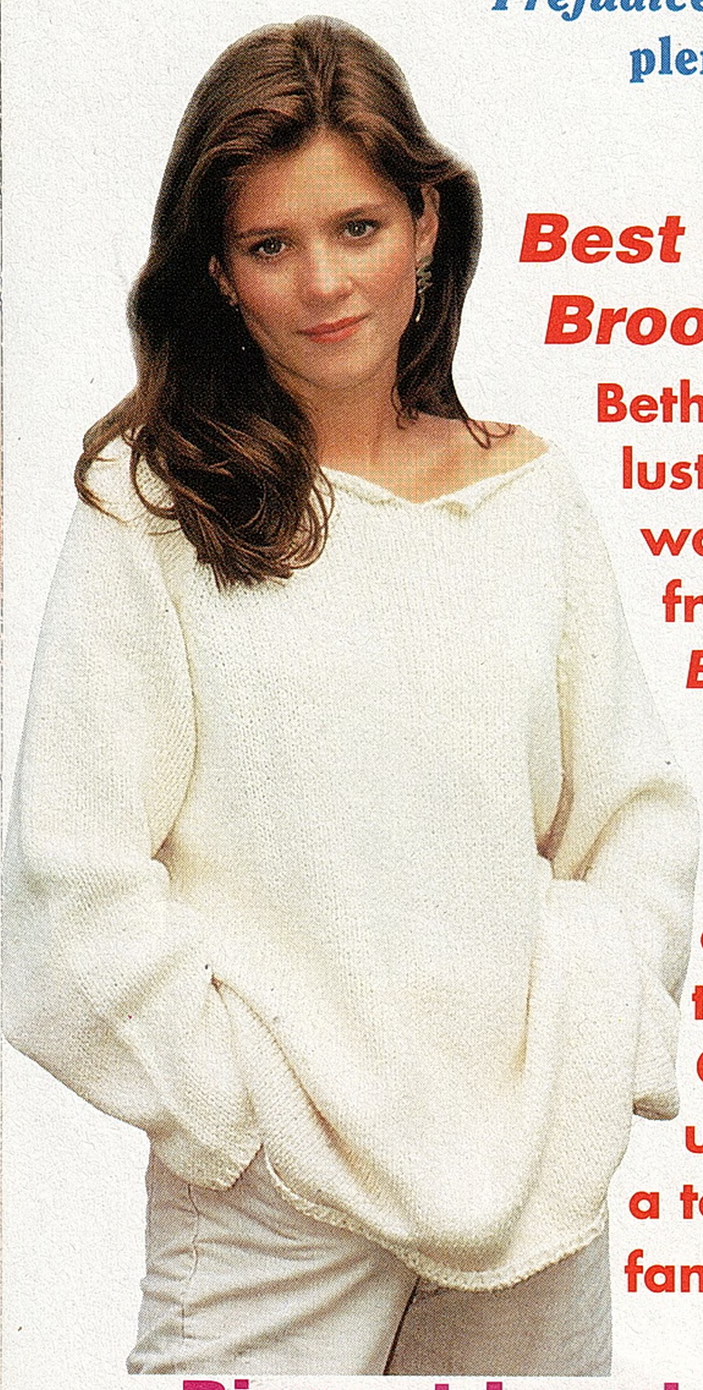
Best Court Case: George Michael



How we all cheered when dear George Michael lost his case against Sony! The man who earned more than £7,000,000 in one year complained of being 'a slave'. Laugh? I nearly bought a copy of *Listen Without Prejudice*. There's plenty left.

Best Blag: Schoolkid Robbers

Most kids think they're Al Capone if they can get out of the sweet shop with a few unpaid-for BlackJacks. All credit then to the two 13-year-olds who made off with £7,000 in their lunchbreak after robbing a building society. Beats having a paper round.



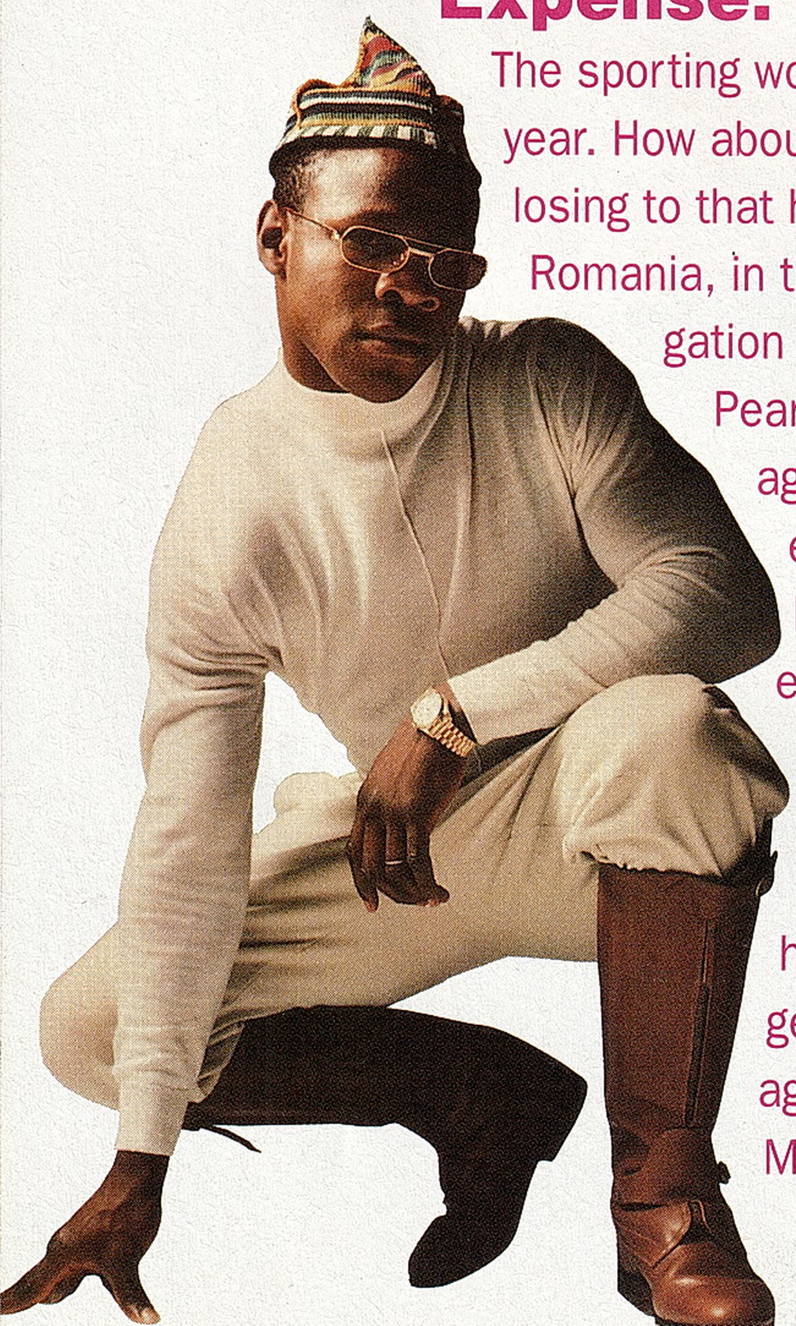
Best Snog: Brookside's Beth

Beth Jordache's lesbian lust gushed tongue-wards down her best friend's throat and set *Brookside* alight. Early Saturday evenings were never the same again. A quick look at the football results, then it was over to Channel 4 for some untamed indulging in a top tasty twat-licking fantasy.

THAT THE THAT

It was the year that Kurt Cobain lost his head, Escobar got the bullet from the World Cup, Roy Castle gave up tap dancing and Channel 4 brought peace at last to Northern Ireland by repeating Little House on the Prairie. **Gavin Porter** recalls the highs and lows of 1994...

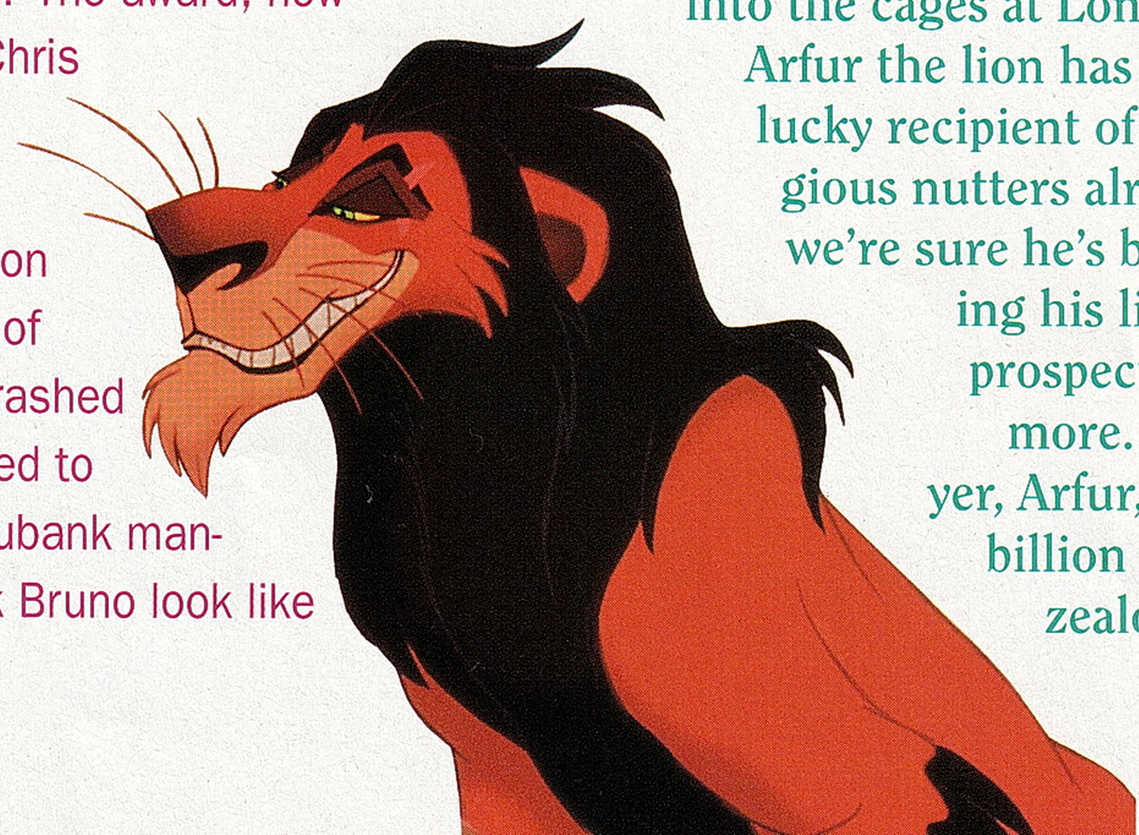
Biggest Laugh At Someone Else's Expense: Chris Eubank



The sporting world has given us the best laugh this year. How about Wales 2, Moldova 3? Or England losing to that hotbed of well-funded tennis, Romania, in the Davis Cup thus ensuring our relegation to Tennis League Division 4? Stuart Pearce's opening minute backpass against San Marino? The award, however, must go to Chris Eubank and his efforts in the ring against a selection of opponents all of whom soundly thrashed him... and still failed to get the decision. Eubank manages to make Frank Bruno look like Mike Tyson.

Best Animal: Arfur The Lion

We've always thought that Christians should be fed to the lions – and this year they've been throwing themselves into the cages at London Zoo. Arfur the lion has been the lucky recipient of two religious nutters already and we're sure he's been licking his lips at the prospect of a few more. Good on yer, Arfur, only 1.4 billion religious zealots to go.



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Richard Littlejohn

Unhappiness is a health warning called Hamlet..

A WRITE LOAD OF CHARLIES

WELCOME once again to the wacky world of You Couldn't Make It Up, tonight coming live from The Maid Of Muswell pub, Muswell Hill, London N10.

The hero of our story is a persnicketer called Vic.

For as long as anyone can remember, Vic has been popping in to the Maid for a couple of pints and a small cigar, which he does the moment he's finished his Daily Telegraph on his way to the Legion.

He is a creature of habit. You could set your watch by him. They say if you bump into Vic then it must be half past twelve.

A contender of harmless have cheerfully pulled his plan and sold him a single cigar. Until now, that is.

The other day, Vic wandered in to the Maid and placed his usual order. The barman, willingly complied with the stout rule of the institution, but reluctantly informed Vic that he was no longer able to sell him a single cigar.

If he wanted a Hamlet, he would have to buy a packet of five. Not unreasonably, Vic asked why.

"Europe," came the reply.

"Europe" asked Vic.

The barman explained that individual cigars don't carry health warnings, so he would have to buy the whole packet so he could read the health warning. Vic consulted out that the same barman had told him a single Hamlet the previous day.

The barman agreed but said that a man from the brewery had been in, clutching a new set of "guidelines". Allegedly in line with Europe, Of Muswell Hill, Vic was informed that he was no longer allowed to sell Vic a Hamlet. Five Hamlets, yes. One Hamlet, no can do.

Any member of staff found selling a cigar without a health warning would in future be subject to disciplinary action.

Vic could, however, sell him a single Castella, because Castellas have a suitable health warning printed on the Cellophane wrapper.

Hazards

Vic settled for a Castella and ripped off the wrapper without reading the health warning. It was too small for him to read, even if he'd wanted to.

Since he has been smoking for 50-odd years, he is well aware of the hazards or otherwise of the old Hamlet. But the brewery's guidelines insist that he has to be reminded that cigar smoking may be hazardous to his health every time he lights up. Even if he doesn't read the warning.

I'm surprised that the beer glasses don't have "Drinking Guinness may cause you to put on weight, cause cirrhosis of the liver, precipitate some hideous old Doris with a bad perm and stodgy dentures and leave you with a stinking hangover and a mouth like a Chinese wrestler's jock strap cooked in chip fat" printed on the side. The most interesting aspect of all this is that the hazards automatically banned "Europe".

I shouldn't imagine for a moment that "Europe" is in the slightest bit interested in whether or not Vic buys his Hamlets individually or by the gross. (Actually by the gross is probably a banging offence).

But "Europe" has become the default excuse for any power-crazed petty-fogging jobsworth to stop people doing things they enjoy.

And the terrifying aspect of it all is that because "Europe" is dishing out so much of our legislation, regulating so many of our activities, in so many areas of life, by spawning out-of-control laws by the faceless bureaucracy, we accept that the latest piece of lunacy is down to "Europe".

Whenever we reflect on the horrors of Nazi Germany, we smugly comfort ourselves with the thought that "it couldn't happen here".

Not many, it couldn't. The same gauleiters who are currently terrorising Vic for flouting barmy regulations and telling him he can't smoke just one Hamlet, would be happily buying a Hamlet without a health warning themselves 50 years ago.

That's why we must never, ever accept rules from "Europe", however small or apparently harmless they may seem. And we must never, ever, accept identity cards.

Otherwise, the next time Vic goes in to the Maid Of Muswell, someone in a uniform will tell him it isn't on sale, refuse to sell him a pint of Guinness because that he doesn't prove he's over 18.

FM NOT going to waste too much space rehashing all the latest royal nonsense.

To be perfectly honest, I couldn't be bothered to plough through the acres of newsprint devoted to Prince Charles's self-flagellation.

If it had been published first in The Sun, not in a posh Sunday paper, the revelations would have been treated as "privacy" and "intrusion."

From what I can make out, the Shambles book, which Charles had authorised, is a pretty sycophantic account of his unhappy childhood and unsatisfactory marriage.

It merely serves to confirm that the Windsors are an appalling, dysfunctional family who have made a bad job of bringing up their children. Which is pretty much what we've been telling them for years.

And if the Prince of Wales wants to bellyache about his treatment by the media, he should remember that he has been happily feeding off the tabloids' insatiable appetite for tittle-tattle about royals for years.

It's not so much the hobby horses he rides that I object to, as the ludicrously pompous manner in which he does it.

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CALL RICHARD ON SKY NEWS AT 6PM TONIGHT ON 0171 757 7070

Biggest Wanker: Richard Littlejohn

We reckon this award should go to the Club reader who wrote in asking for a replacement mag as he had "worn the first one out", but we digress. What a selection of big wankers we had this year: Mark Thatcher, Danny Baker, Noel Edmonds, Pink Floyd. We could go on. But the winner is that man of the people, Richard Littlejohn. You reckon you're a hard bastard, don't you? Unlike your tiny willy, allegedly.

WAS YEAR WASN'T

Best Music: Jungle

There is little doubt that hardcore/jungle is the music of now. Leviticus, Family Of Intelligence, The Ganja Crew and many more are definitely worth listening to. A little bit of deep house now and again (with a word for the Crystal Waters LP) can be pretty funky but let's not forget true pop stardom as exhibited by Naomi Campbell on her debut album, *Babywoman*. So far it's sold 175 copies...ha-ha.

Worst TV: Anything by Carlton TV

The World Cup really brought home what a load of shite ITV is rapidly turning into. Their coverage was a farce and ruined some of the best games. Meanwhile in the London area, punters have been left squirming on their sofas with a series of dire shows. The ridiculous *London Tonight* and the dull *Big Story* are just a couple of the disasters being broadcast. Carlton have also jumped on the *999* bandwagon sticking cameras up everything except a lollipop lady's arse. What next? Milko – the exciting, real-life drama of a Unigate man delivering his dailies?

Best Media Babe: Liz Hurley

Where do we start? Dani Behr, Julia Salwalha, Jane Horrocks, Rianna Scipio, Miranda Sawyer to name a few. But in reality there can only be one winner, Liz Hurley. The reason that she became so famous in such a short space of time is simple: everyone wants to suck her tits. Now that's real talent. ♣

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Calling a willowy wanton woman like Tessa a 'leggy blonde' might be corny, but when you meet the six-foot stunner – whose pins finish at eye-level – you could be forgiven.

"Finding men with enough patience to suck my toes then work their way up can be a problem," says the

Photographs by Denys DeFrancesco

tessa

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22-year-old. "But I can guarantee it's worth the journey! Once I'm turned on, I wrap my legs round a fella like an octopus and won't let go until I've fucked him dry. I expect at least two performances and an encore before I let you offstage!"

Wow, and that's just the first leg, eh Tessa?! ♣

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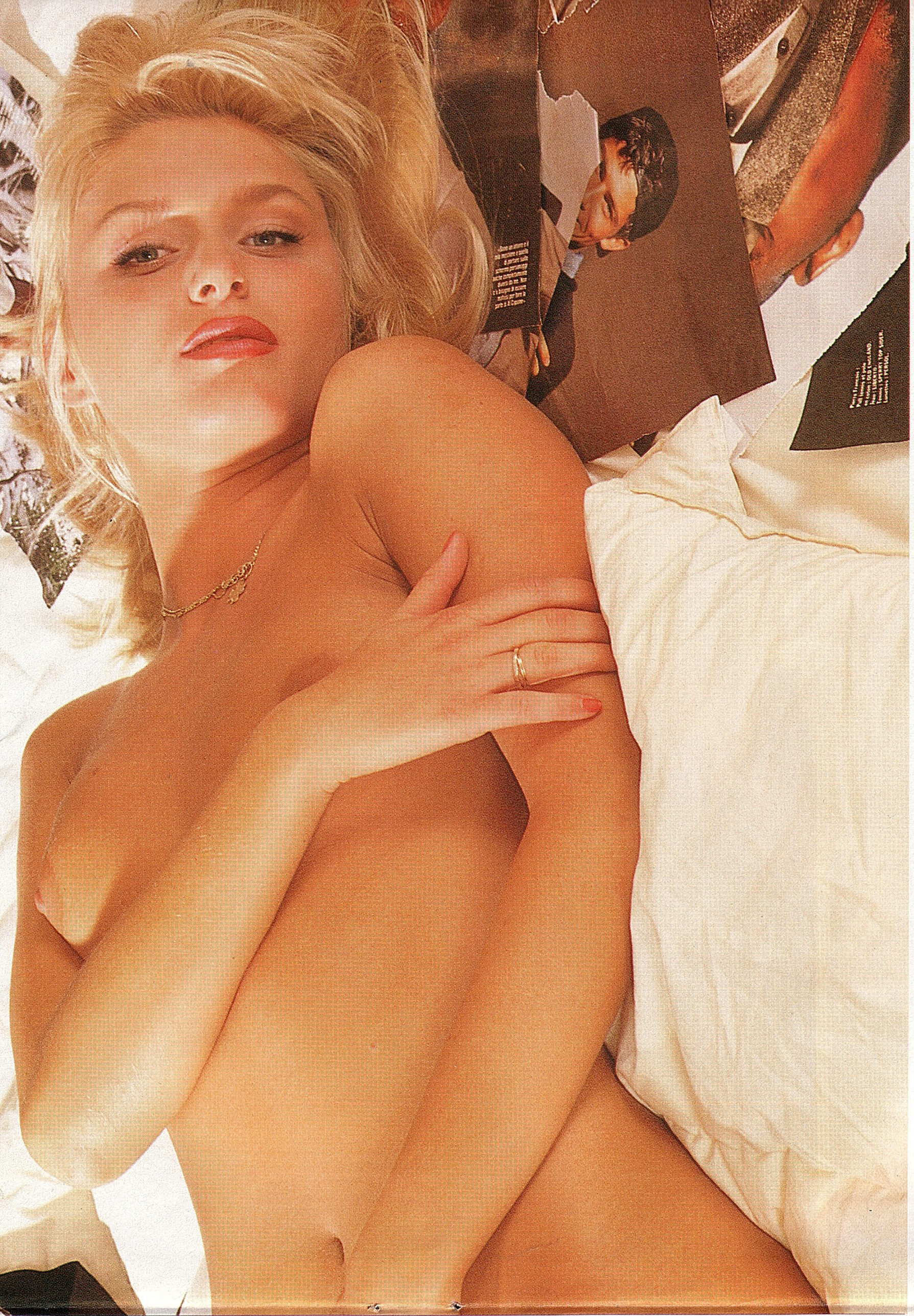

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talkin'

blue

This is the section where you talk to us – and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you like to do; we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...

WOMEN'S WRITES

Where the girls get down to business

ROCK AND HOLE!

I am what most of your readers would call a 'rock chick', and you can bet that I'm proud of it! Rock clubs have the best music, the most fanciable men and the most liberal attitudes anywhere. Our local club is famous throughout the Midlands for the wild Friday nights that they put on, and I know for a fact that some of the models who have appeared in Club go there on a regular basis. I never miss a week and always make sure that I'm up on stage, wearing as little as possible and showing off my body.

I slipped my knickers off and poked my bum out

The theme nights which happen monthly are the best nights there. It may be a beach party, saints and sinners or St Trinians – I don't care, providing I get to dress up and strut around showing off my 36C tits! The club is deliberately kept dark so that people like me can have our fun and games without being disturbed. Not that I'm ever discreet or anything. I've been discovered in a dark corner of the club a couple of times, my mouth stuffed with a cock or my pussy getting fondled by a fella!

Hanging around with rockers also means that I get to meet a lot of guys with motorbikes, and if there's one thing I love it's the feel of a throbbing engine between my legs. I'm not joking, I have even come just by sitting astride a Harley with the engine ticking over!

At the moment I'm going out with a guy called Steve, and he's always tinkering around with his low-rider. I bet you think that sounds dead boring, but whenever I go around to see him and he's in his vest and jeans, working up a sweat and covered in oil, I get so horny. It's all I can do not to unzip his flies and wrench his tool out right there and then! To tell the truth, I couldn't help myself last night...

I got around to Steve's flat at about half seven and when he didn't answer the door I knew that he'd be in his lock-up around the back. When I walked around there, wearing my day job 'uniform' of white blouse, tight black skirt and sheer nylon stockings, Steve was fiddling with the engine. I had felt horny all day, even slipping off to the loos at lunch time to bring myself off, so when I saw Steve's mucky body I decided that I wanted him to have me there and then.

"Hello, gorgeous, how are you?" he said. Before you could say another word, I strode over towards him and bent over the seat so that my skirt rode up and the tops of my stockings could be seen. I didn't bother to explain, but slipped my knickers to one side and poked my bum up in the air. Steve grinned, walked over to the garage door and closed it. He unzipped his flies and his tool almost burst through his boxers, throbbing and ready for action. My pussy was so wet that you would have thought it had been oiled! He slammed into me and I felt the full length of his tool easing into me. God, it felt good! I let out a moan as Steve banged into me and I pushed myself back into him to heighten the sensation and came immediately. I reached round and tugged at his balls and he pounded away even harder until I heard a grunt and he came right inside me.

It was one of those impulsive, frenzied fucks that felt absolutely unbelievable. So unbelievable that neither of us noticed that the garage door had swung back open and there was a young girl, no more than nineteen, watching us, her hand rubbing frantically at her pussy through her jeans.

While Steve struggled to apologise to the girl, I could tell that she was so turned on that apologies were the last thing she needed. A damn good shagging was more the order! I pulled myself off Steve's tool and winked at the girl. "If you want you can have a go," I smiled, and ran my hand up Steve's stiff shaft. He couldn't believe

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his luck, but beckoned the girl in and made sure he shut the garage door behind her this time.

"You're bloody gorgeous," he grinned, helping her to take her jeans and T-shirt off to reveal a very fit body. I quite fancied her myself, but Steve didn't waste any time in getting to grips with her. He lay her down on the cold floor and turned her onto her stomach, before bringing up her knees and slipping inside her in the classic 69 position. I was feeling as horny as the two of them, just watching them, the girl's pert tits moving back and forward in time with Steve's thrusting. By now I had taken my knickers off and was resting on the bike, my skirt hitched up and three fingers buried deep inside my shaven, swollen pussy, teasing as I watched this dirty scene!

The girl was a real screamer and didn't seem to care that anyone could hear as she let out a loud cry. Her screams made me hornier still and I fingered myself to a thrilling climax.

I can still hardly believe that this actually happened, but the three of us ended up down the pub for the rest of the night and Tricia has promised to meet us at the rock club this Friday. She's

I buried three fingers deep inside my shaven pussy

definitely as horny as I am and I can't wait to see what we get up to together this weekend. Steve's going away on a biker's weekend, you see. And, well, a whole weekend without sex is out of the question, isn't it?! – *Alicia, Nottingham*

CARPET BURNS!

My boyfriend is a Middle Eastern businessman and I'm writing to tell all your readers about how I came to fuck this big stud of a man! We first met when he came to a pub in central London where I was working as a barmaid. He took a fancy to me immediately, telling me straight out how he liked my 'long blonde hair and big boobs'! I was taken aback to put it mildly, but at least he was being honest! (My boobs are a 36C and my long hair goes right down to my waist.)

I took a shine to Khalil because he was so charming and down-to-earth, and judging by the bulge in his tight trousers they looked to be full of Eastern promise!

Khalil has been living in London for ten years now and has a house in Maida Vale, as I found out when I finished work at the pub that first night we met. When he left the pub at 11pm, I assumed that I wouldn't see him again. He never left his number or address, but just winked and said he'd see me soon. As I left the pub, a chauffeur-driven Mercedes pulled up and Khalil jumped out with a big grin on his face. "Your carriage awaits, madam!" he laughed.

Once we were in his car and speeding through the traffic, it didn't take long before we were kissing each other, my legs wrapping around him as I got more and more excited. Khalil didn't seem to care that his driver might be able to see

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WHERE THE NAUGHTIEST, RAUNCHIEST GIRLS LOVE TO PLAY. ON SALE EVERY MONTH. WANNA COME?

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what was going on and, as we got more passionate, he unzipped his flies and tugged out a cock that was hard and ready for action.

I reached down and started to wank his dick while Khalil pushed his hand under my skirt and began to rub my clitty through my skimpy white panties. I was feeling incredibly horny and wanted a fuck, so I pulled back from making him come and eased my knickers down

to reveal my trimmed bush.

I lay down across the back seat and Khalil clambered on top of me and slowly slid his thick tool deep inside me, making my breath come in short pants. At this point the car slowed to a halt. We had obviously reached our destination, but I wasn't ready to stop! The driver switched off the engine and stayed silent in the front seat as Khalil started to work his cock in and out of my pussy.

At the last minute, just as I felt him tense up with the expectation of coming, Khalil whipped out his cock and sprayed my face with his spunk. I scooped it up in fingerfuls and started licking it, desperate not to waste any!

Khalil was grinning from ear-to-ear as he watched me writhing on the seat, and then asked me if I'd like to come into his apartment for a night-cap. To be honest, coffee was the last thing on my mind. I wanted another taste of his cock! I nodded eagerly and we stepped out of the car.

Once inside the flat, I soon worked out what Khalil did for a living. The place was adorned with at least a dozen beautiful carpets, obviously made in the Middle East and looking like they cost an absolute fortune.

The one covering most of the living-room looked particularly inviting, so I kicked off my shoes, followed by my shirt, knickers, top and bra until I was standing naked on the carpet.

"Now that I've tasted your spunk, I want to feel it spurting inside me," I purred. Khalil was out of his suit in a flash, his dick standing up proud like he hadn't had his end away for weeks! He held me around my back as he slipped his dick inside me and then lowered me to the floor and started fucking me hard. I thought I was going to explode as he thrust deep into me – and I did! At exactly the same moment Khalil deposited another load of his spunk inside me.

That certainly wasn't the end of the night, as I'm sure you can imagine, and I've been seeing a lot of Khalil ever since. He has made no secret of the fact that he sees other women in different cities as he travels on business, and that suits me fine. As an added bonus it also means that I have met Marjorie, a sexy Swedish acquaintance of his who he brought over from Stockholm last week. She has the sweetest-tasting pussy in the world and has introduced me to her particular penchant, which is rubberwear! We have already performed a lesbian show dressed in rubber gear for Khalil, when I wore black leather boots and a rubber dress with a slash at the crotch. I love the feel of the material against my body and when Marjorie uses a vibrator on me at the same time I come in seconds!

I have to admit that I'm still a novice with this rubberwear stuff (not to mention the lesbian sex!), but I'm a fast learner and already Khalil has bought me a couple of books on the subject so I can learn a little more for myself.

I love the circle of friends that I move in now; it's full of liberated people where sex is always exciting. Although I've only known Khalil for two months, I feel at ease and free to express myself. What a lucky girl I am! – *Sophie, London*

He began to rub my clitty through my skimpy panties

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ON THE JOB

In and out of the office

PARTY ON YOUR PUSSY

'Have you ever demonstrated how a dildo works?' are not exactly the words that you'd expect to hear coming from one of your closest friends, are they? But then again, there's probably nobody who has a friend as rude and randy as my friend Caroline. She's just turned twenty and is as outrageous as they come,

always flirting with the fellas and flashing her g-string or knickers at any opportunity. But it doesn't stop there. Where most girls are content just to flirt, I've often seen her dragging a fella off to the loos, returning minutes later with a satisfied grin on her face and her knickers in her handbag! She's a real looker too, with long, dark hair and pert little boobs.

So when we were sitting in our local late one night last week and Caroline asked me about the dildo demo, I wasn't as shocked as I could have been. "Of course I haven't!" I giggled. "I've never thought of it as a spectator sport, to be honest."

I have to admit that I do use dildos. I always like to use my big, black dildo. Not because of any preference in men, but just because I think it looks incredibly erotic against my trimmed pussy!

Anyway, the reason behind Caroline's question was that she had just signed up as a hostess for one of those sex toy companies and was hosting a party at her flat that night. She had already invited a dozen of her girlfriends and they were all very excited about the evening's activities. And now she had persuaded me to help her with the demonstrations.

It sounded like a great idea, but what I was a little worried about was that with the kind of girls we know, the show would have to be a damn sight raunchier that the parties I'd heard about.

Caroline and I soon concocted what we reckoned was a brilliant show, and we were certain that it would get the girls' attention.

It certainly got Rob, my boyfriend, interested when I told him about it. He became very excited and asked me to describe in detail everything that we had planned. I sat down on the kitchen table and, as I started to explain, I could tell that Rob was getting turned-on by this dirty talk. He hanged on my every word, nodding excitedly as I became increasingly graphic until he couldn't take any more. He dropped to his knees, slid my short skirt up over my thighs to reveal the tops of my stockings and a pair of skimpy knickers. Then he slid them off, while urging me to carry on with my description.

His tongue darted harder and harder into my pussy

It wasn't easy. As I continued with my naughty tales, Rob slid his tongue deep into my crack and started rotating it slowly. He always gives great head and I started to take deep breaths as my juices swelled up, trying to keep the story going but failing miserably as his tongue darted harder into my pussy.

"And... then, we'll..." I came in the middle of the sentence, letting out a groan, grinding my pussy right onto Rob's tongue and lifting my bum off the table to give me some more thrust! I sank back down, too exhausted to think about carrying on with my tale. Rob showed by his hole-licking exploits that he was more than happy for me to go ahead and help Caroline. "There's only one condition," I warned him. "I don't want you sneaking around Caroline's house, you dirty bugger!" He nodded and promised that he wouldn't.

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I headed off to Caroline's and was feeling really horny with anticipation when I walked through the door. Rob had arranged to go out boozing with a few of the boyfriends and husbands of the girls who were coming to the party, so I expected that I would get home to find him pissed and asleep.

By the time all of the girls had arrived, Caroline and I were raring to go. There were candles lit and red drapes hung across all the windows to give an intimate and private atmosphere. All the furniture had been moved out of the room, except for one small table where we would display all the items for sale later on. Or at least that was the plan...

The party started with the two of us entering the room wearing men's undies and vests to break the ice, giving everybody a good laugh. Along with a few bottles of wine, which were rapidly being emptied, it seemed to do the trick. "Just so you don't feel sorry for your other halves, you can buy some of these trendy designer briefs to take back for them," grinned Caroline. Tugging at the gusset area she said that there was plenty of room in there, so even the luckiest girls in the house should buy a pair or two!

From this we moved onto the women's underwear. Caroline and I have both got good, firm bodies so we modelled everything, from teddys to basques, to bras and knickers.

By about ten thirty everything was going really well. All the girls had had loads to drink and three or four of them were even sitting wearing some of the underwear that they'd bought! Considering that there wasn't a single man in the house, the atmosphere was very sexy indeed!

"And now for the grand finale," laughed Caroline, winking at me. I turned the stereo up and the stripper music started up. From behind one of the curtains I pulled out the biggest vibrator in the collection and flicked it into life, running it over my lips and moving my body in time to the music. The girls were screaming in delight as I pretended to slip the buzzing vibro into my hole, instead slipping it between my legs and riding it like I was being fucked by a great stud of a man. The girls were cheering and whistling and I was so horny that there was no way I was going to chicken out of the plan. I turned around to Caroline who was standing beside me wearing her high-heeled shoes, stockings and suspenders, and pointed to her pussy! She slid her knickers down and kicked them over her shoes, revealing a neatly-trimmed thatch of blonde pubes. Everyone cheered wildly and I took it as my cue to slide the vibrator across her pussy lips.

Caroline closed her eyes as I started to work the buzzing toy over her pussy. Then I put one of Caroline's hands on the vibrator so that she could take over for herself, while I picked up another one from the box behind the

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curtain. Out of the corner of my eye I could see that at least half of the girls were fingering themselves as they watched Caroline wanking! I pulled out the box of dildos and vibrators and placed it in the middle of the floor.

"Help yourself, girls!" I said.

Well, there was practically a stampede! Soon the room was full of buzzing noises as the girls started wanking themselves. Being in the room with them made me even hornier as I watched all these good-looking girls playing with themselves.

Suddenly Caroline started groaning loudly as she started to come. I watched her as she began to orgasm, her body jerking spasmodically. She looked gorgeous and I decided that I had to taste her love juices for myself. I didn't care who saw me now as I went down on Caroline's muff, licking at her hole! I needn't have worried about the other girls' reactions, because they started pairing up in an incredible orgy of boobs, bums and fannies.

Our orgy was only broken by a knocking on the window. I looked up and saw Rob's face jammed against a tiny corner that wasn't covered by the curtains.

"Fucking hell," he was shouting. "Let us in!" I realised that he was with some of the lads he'd been out to the pub with. I looked around at the other girls for an answer. The consensus was unanimous, and the girls started clapping as I went and opened the front door.

"You horny bitch," grinned Rob as he followed me back inside. There were three other blokes with him and they couldn't believe their eyes when they walked in the living room, seeing their girlfriends in the middle of so much naked flesh. One of the girls, Jean, went over to her boyfriend, unzipped his flies, took his cock out and started giving him head. In case anyone needed a signal, that was it. Within seconds the room was a writhing mass of bodies. I was getting fucked by one guy while Rob was being tit-fucked by another girl, Bev.

I actually fucked every one of the four guys that night and I reckon that just about all of the girls did! By the time things started to wind down at about two in the morning, I was exhausted with all the fucking I'd done. In the cab home it was all we could do not to discuss our orgy in front of the driver.

Caroline made loads of money that night and sold everything that the company had given her. We're planning another party very soon – I can hardly wait! –

Cheryl, Exeter

Jean unzipped his flies and started giving him head

COUPLES CONFESS

Share and share alike

FOUR PLAY!

My name is Vicky, I'm 21-years-old and I can hardly believe that I'm writing into Club and telling all your readers the most intimate details of my sex life. I suppose, if I'm being honest, you might call me a bit of a slapper! I know that's not how most of your reader's confessions begin, but I always believe in being upfront about what I want and who I am.

And when I say upfront, I don't just mean in the opinion department either. Although I'm only five feet two, I have 36D tits which means that I'm quite an eyeful when I slip into one of my skintight dresses. I love wearing high heels to make me look taller, and of course that just emphasises the shape of my legs and my slim ankles. And there's nothing quite like enticing a guy into the bedroom by wearing a pair of high heels and nothing else...

I love reading Club because the naughty confessions really turn me on, so when I had a bit of a steamy encounter a couple of months ago I knew I had to write into Club and spill the sexy details!

Until this happened, I'd only ever read about group sex, but it sounded tempting. It was something I thought about a great deal and when my boyfriend Rob and I were indulging in a spot of heavy petting one night, he started encouraging me to tell him my fantasies. "Go on, even your really dirty ones," he urged me, "ones that you've never told anyone about." His fingers edged along my thigh and under the side of my knickers, and he started to stroke along the length of my slit. I leaned back and closed my eyes, my mind running through all the filthiest fantasies I'd ever enjoyed. As I revealed a few of them, I could tell by Rob's breathing that he was getting excited.

"You know what I'd really like?" I asked him, "I've always wanted to be fucked by a group of guys while you watch." Of course, I didn't tell him that this had been my fantasy with every one of my previous boyfriends! But I was really gratified when he was so turned on by the idea that he pushed my hand down to his crotch so that he could feel me unzip his flies and start to wank his stiff shaft. He carried on frigging at my pussy too, and we both climaxed as he begged me to go into details of how I pictured being serviced by a line of guys. I could barely control the shudders that racked through my body and I knew from their force that I'd have to try out group sex.

I felt so horny as he shagged me doggy style

The question was, when?

In the end, though, it was Rob that did all the organising for me. I was out one evening about a fortnight later, and then went over to Rob's place to find him and three of his mates, Andy, John and Nick, sitting in his lounge all glued to a really raunchy looking blue film.

"Vicky, come and have a look," said Andy. I plonked myself between Andy and Rob and started to watch the screen. One naked girl was wanking a cock in each hand while another guy was fucking her pussy with his huge tool. There was a close-up of it ramming in and out of her hole, and I could feel my pussy starting to tingle in excitement and anticipation.

"I think Vicky's getting

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turned on," said Rob. "Look at her face, she's dying for a length of cock inside her."

I grinned. "And I know you'd all like to give me one," I purred. "So who's going to be first?"

And with that, I surprised the lot of them by lying down in the middle of the room and hitching my dress up so that everyone had a good view of my hairy muff barely hidden by my skimpy panties. I ran my fingers up along my stockings and started stroking myself through the lacy material.

Mmm, it felt really good, and I'd almost forgotten that there were other people in the room with me; everyone went quiet apart from the sound of moaning coming from the video, until I felt a fat, hard cock's tip being rubbed against my arm.

I opened my eyes and found that Nick hadn't been able to resist getting out his length and giving it a wank. From the looks of them, all the others had hard-ons too.

"Come on, let's do it like the film," I urged them, taking Nick's cock in one hand and wanking it. I could feel every vein in his shaft pumping, and his balls slapping against my wrist as I wanked him. Then, suddenly, there was a cock in my other hand too, nudging its way between my fingers until I gripped it. It belonged to John. I started wanking them in unison, firm strokes moving their foreskins down as far as possible, then up again like a delicious velvet sheath. God, that hot meat felt so good in my hands.

But it wasn't nearly enough for me. I wanted to taste cock too. I opened my mouth and hoped that someone would have the sense to fill it. "Go on, Andy. She wants to suck your cock," Rob told his mate, "I told you she was a randy bitch, didn't I? She just can't get enough of it."

He was right. At that moment, all the cock in Essex wouldn't have been enough for me! Andy took his trousers and boxers off and knelt up behind my head, feeding his length between my eager lips. As they closed around it, he breathed a sigh of pleasure. It wasn't all that long, but it was thick, and I delighted everyone by taking it right to the back of my mouth and deep-throating him.

Of course, by this time my pussy was literally aching for cock, Rob's cock. One of the reasons I'm dating him is that he's got this enormous nine-incher that totally fills my cunt until I feel as if it's going to split. And Rob

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didn't need to be told what I needed either, he was between my legs in seconds, almost ripping the buttons off his flies in his haste to fill me with his length.

I could hardly believe it. There I was, doing what I'd always fantasised about: being filled by cock at each end, and with a good hard rod in each hand! My whole body was shaking with arousal as I struggled to keep

He fed his stiff length between my eager lips

all those cocks in the same rhythm, but it was impossible. First, I felt one of the ones in my hand (I later knew that it was John's) shooting spunk up my arm, and just a few seconds later Andy's come erupted into my mouth. Honestly, I've never had such a full load to swallow, he seemed to be shooting off for hours, and I managed to swallow it all.

I carried on wanking Nick with my free hand until he grunted that he couldn't hold back his load any longer. Just like in all those blue films, he put his cock between my tits and gave me a good pearl necklace, squirting his come all over my tits and the bottom of my neck. All that hot, sticky stuff on my skin was such a turn-on that I started coming, really panting through my climax, as my boyfriend carried on pumping away at me.

He was the only one doing me now, and he was really putting on a great performance. His buttocks were clenching and the effort on his face as he banged his cock into me was a sight to behold. It really excites me when a guy concentrates that much of an effort on me sexually, and so I couldn't stop myself from coming again. As he felt my cunt muscles gripping onto his shaft, he gave one final hard thrust and came.

I just lay there as he pulled out his twitching cock, feeling totally drained. Every pore of my skin was tingling from contact with all that lovely come, and I'd orgasmed so strongly that my pussy was aching.

I didn't think I wanted any more, but when Andy came forward with his cock hardened again from watching Rob pump away at me, well, I just couldn't refuse. I made him lie on his back, and then lowering myself on to his tool, felt it sink deep inside me as I clenched my pussy walls to hold it in. I really bucked hard on top of him as the other three watched, yelling out to them when he was making me orgasm, and when I felt him shoot his load into me. And, not content with that, as I rolled off Andy, Nick grabbed me from behind and begged me to kneel down on all fours so that he could fuck me doggy-style. I felt so horny as he shagged me as hard as possible, my come-soaked tits jiggling about wildly as I yelled at him that I wanted his cock as hard as possible.

He certainly satisfied me good and proper, as my over-worked pussy had yet another orgasm, made all the better because I knew that the other three guys were watching. Performing in front of an audience certainly made me feel randier than I ever had in my life!

Since that brilliant night, Rob hasn't stopped complimenting me on my sexual performance or trying to persuade me to do it all over again! I'm certainly planning a repeat show very soon, but next time I want to have a couple of girls to fuck me too. It's just a matter of getting my plans into action – I'll keep you all posted! – *Vicky, Essex* ♣

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evie

Evie knows exactly what she wants for Christmas – lots of pervy PVC gear! The far-from-boring bank clerk from Leeds loves skintight shiny smutter and has already upset her manager by wearing rubber 501s to work!

"I told him that nobody sees my legs, but he still made me take 'em off," sighs the girl who caused a storm last time she appeared in Club (Vol 23 No 11). "I reckon seeing me in PVC would have had

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more male customers making deposits!" But now Evie keeps her glossy gear for bedtime instead. "It's wonderful to fuck in because it clings to my skin like sweaty hands all over my body," she reveals. "Any guy who buys me some will soon find out just how horny it gets me!" ♣

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Dee

Photographs by Geoffrey Gallo

She's dee-lightful, she's dee-licious... she's Dee, the 19-year-old dancer from California who's currently staying with friends in Richmond. So how would Dee like to spend her Christmas Day?

"I've just never got used to your cold weather," says Dee. "So I reckon I'd be happy in a steamy sauna with two sweating, muscled fellas for company! I'd be laid out on the bench while

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one man slowly undressed me and the other planted kisses all over my body."

Sure beats the turkey and trimmings, Dee!

"Hey, you'd better believe it," she laughs. "I can tell you that the only thing that's getting stuffed on Christmas Day is me!" ♣

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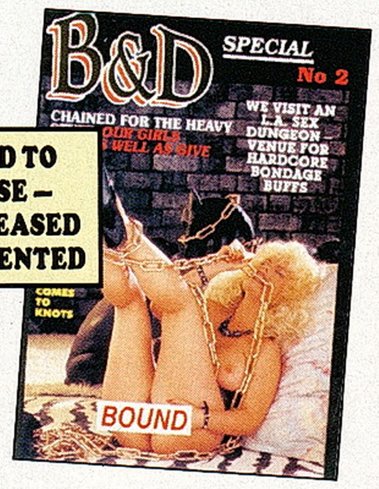

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"Call me quick, while I'm hot and juicy, so that I can slurp down your thick slippery cock and you can fill my hungry holes with gobs of your scalding spunk."

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PUSSY WHIP LINDA I take anything up my C**t and I'll hit you until you scream - while you cum on my face and in my mouth

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ENORMOUS TITS & TIGHT PUSSY
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WATCH ME WET MY KNICKERS
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IN UNIFORM FOR YOUR 9" THROBBING COCK
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LESBIAN GYM MISTRESS TIED UP & SHAGGED
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SHAG MY SISTER LICK MY CT!**
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SUB HUBBY - WIFE SPREADS FOR 2 BUILDERS
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VIRGIN BEGS FOR LESBIAN COCK ACTION
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HOME RECORDING SLUTS SUCK SPERM
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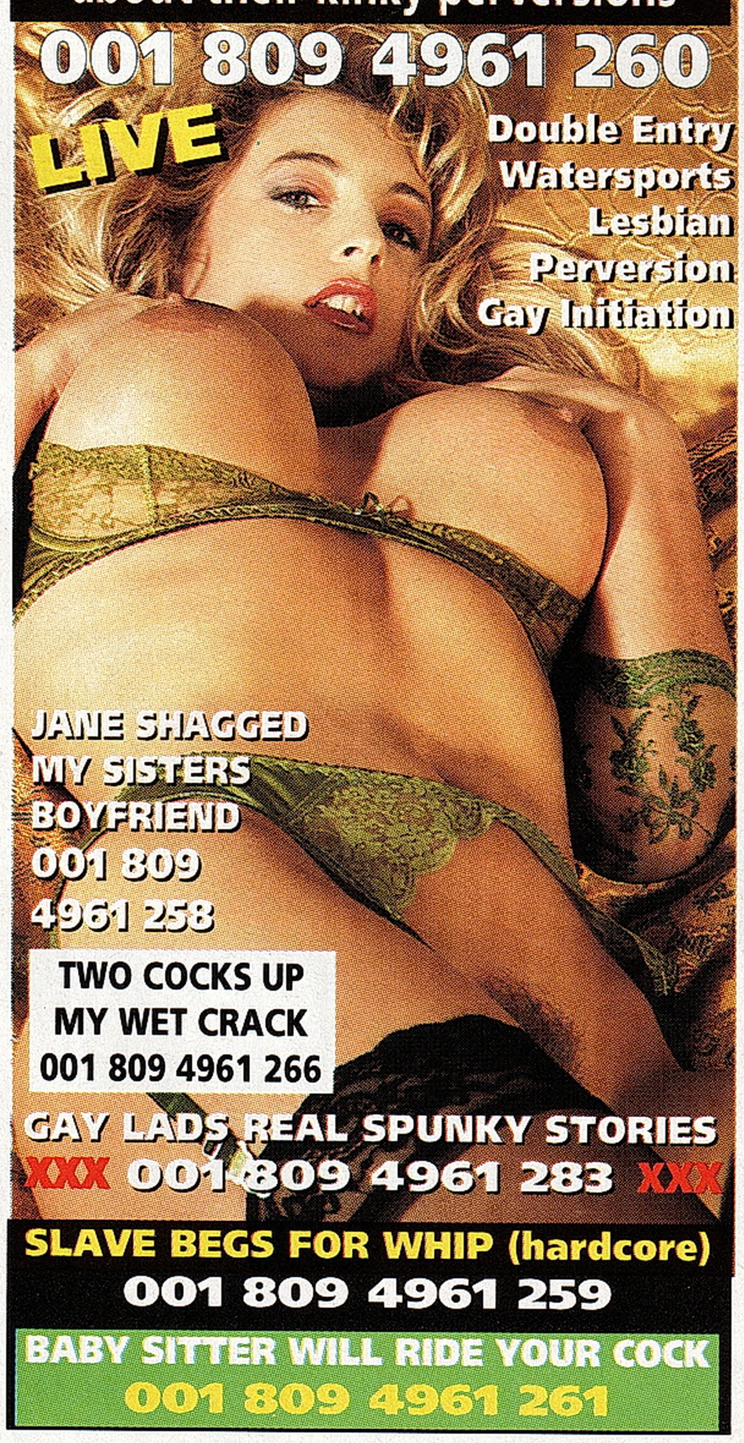

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TRANSVESTITE TAKES 2 COCKS
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*SPANKED & F**KED BY 9" COCK 001 809 4961 256*

Empty your ballbag in my face 001 809 4961 257

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DIRTY SLUT WILL EMPTY YOUR BAG
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SPUNK IT OVER MY BIG TITS
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F**K MY PUSSY
001 809 4961 203

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OLDER WOMAN (40" TITS) TAKES YOUNG COCK
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SISTERS SUCK YOUR BALLS & COCK
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SISTERS SUCK YOUR BALLS & COCK
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HEAR ME FRIG MY SOAKING FANNY
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2 Fingers & Your Cock Up Me
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Thick Cock Up Shaven Vagina
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On My Knees-Please Pump Me
001 809 4961 222

Rigid Cock Up My Hole
001 809 4961 223

STICK YOUR COCK UP MY WET C**T
001 809 4961 211

Lift my skirt & part my cheeks
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Shag my sister
and cum on her face
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TONGUE MY SLIT- I'LL SUCK YOUR BALLS
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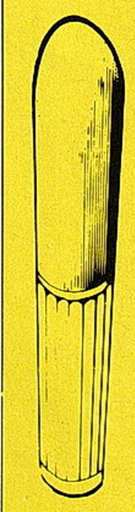

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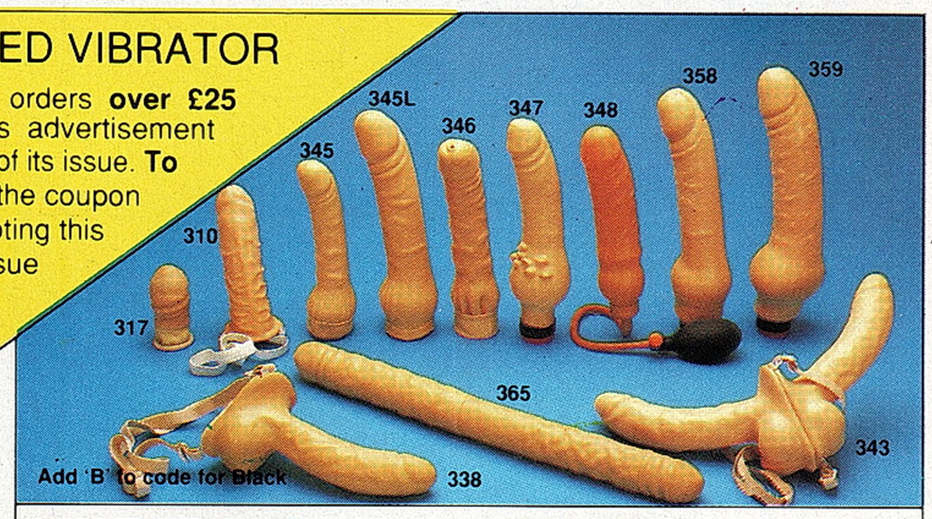

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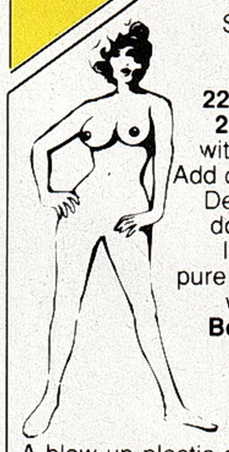

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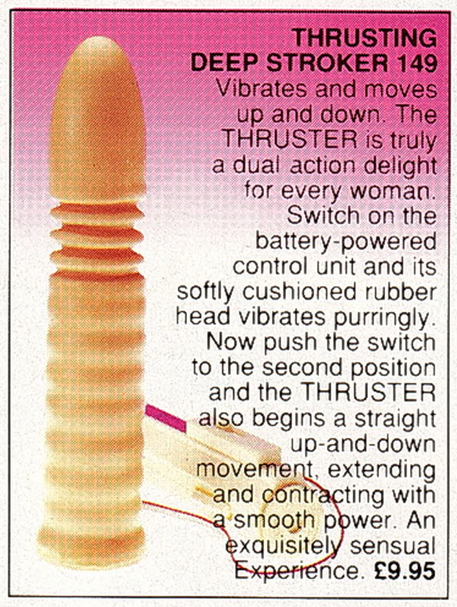

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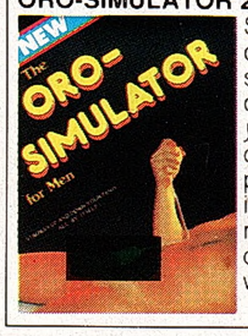

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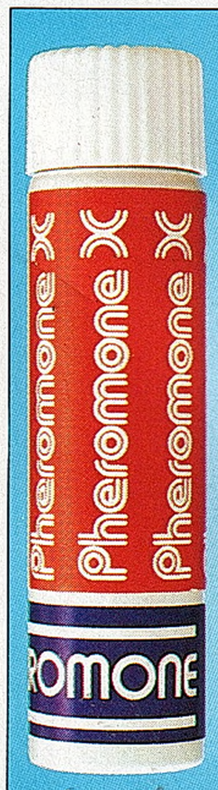

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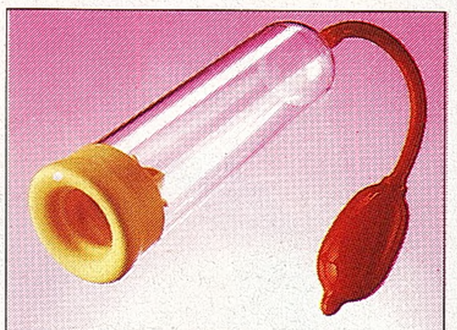

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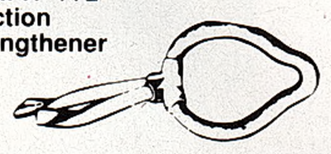

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video

NO RAY OF SUNSHINE

It's a Disney free zone as **Dean Isherwood** reviews the Xmas videos...

No Escape
Guild Home Video
Certificate: 18

Ray Liotta rates pretty highly on Club's 'He's as cool as fuck' list of actors, somewhere up there with Harvey Keitel, but even he's got to pay the rent. Which probably explains his appearance in this limp futuristic thriller. Ray plays a convicted murderer banged-up in a tropical penal colony, so there's plenty of sweat patches and sun burn to look at, but not a lot of story to tax the brain. Perhaps that's why this film shot to the top of the movie charts in the States. In short, the whole she-bang can be summed up in one word: ARSE.

Rating: ✓✓

Loaded Weapon 1
Polygram Video
Certificate: 15

I fucking LOVE this type of film. The same people also made the *Naked Gun* films which turned me into an incontinent over night. Never afraid of taking the piss, *Loaded Weapon* shoots down *Lethal Weapon*, makes mince-meat of *Silence of the Lambs* and fucks with *Basic Instinct* big time! Juvenile, immature, pathetic, no praise could be high enough for this mental movie. Woops! There goes another pair of undies.

Rating: ✓✓✓✓

VIDEO OF THE MONTH
Hard Boiled
Tartan Video
Certificate: 18

John Woo has been the name on every trendy film puff's lips ever since that freak Quentin Tarantino started blabbering on about him. And, for once, I must admit that all the hype, the arse-kissing and full-blown deep-throat, come-soaked cocksucking surrounding this Chinese director is ENTIRELY JUSTIFIED. The man is a genius, the chop-suey-eating master of over-the-top gun blasting mayhem; the prawn king of 'Blam! Blam! Pick up his brains, Ma'm'.

Hard Boiled stars Chow Yun Fat as Tequila, a way-cool cop on the trail of some fuck-ugly drug-dealing Triads. His target is a gangster who turns out to be an undercover cop. The two form an alliance and the body count goes through the roof in a hail of bullets and bastard explosions.

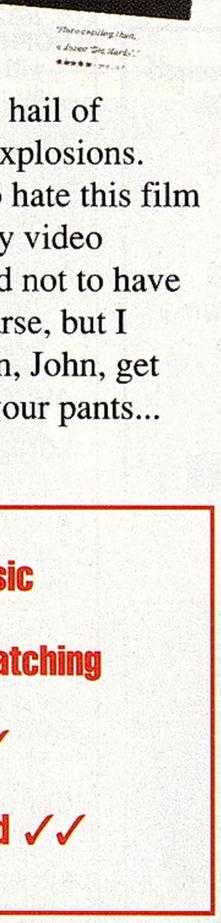
Honestly, I tried to hate this film so I could be the only video reviewer in the world not to have kissed John Woo's arse, but I couldn't. So come on, John, get over here and drop your pants...

Rating: ✓✓✓✓✓ ♣

RATINGS
unmissable, a classic ✓✓✓✓✓✓
definitely worth watching ✓✓✓✓✓
fairly good ✓✓✓✓
average ✓✓✓
yawn, fast forward ✓✓
appalling ✓

video gear

Tartan Video have released some of the best films of 94: *Golden Balls*, *Hearts Of Darkness* and *La Scorta* amongst them. And 'cos it's Xmas, they've given us five *Hard Boiled* baseball caps and five *Golden Balls* t-shirts to give away. If you've got a pigeon chest and a bald patch you want to cover up with the t-shirt and cap, send us a postcard marked 'Hard Balls' and the first five out of the hat win. ♣



in the bag

continued from page 5

got a girl here desperate to lick out your cunt, Caroline. Are you ready for a bit of lezzie action?"

"I've never done it with another woman," said Caroline. "But I'm ready for anything now..."

"You'll love it, babe," laughed Phil. "Just wait and see."

As another girl wandered on set, it was me who was stunned into silence this time, because the girl was my girlfriend, Lizzie! I thought I'd be jealous, but instead the thought of watching her in a live lezzie show turned me on beyond belief.

Lizzie strutted over to Caroline, dropped to her knees in front of her and then leaned forward and ran her tongue along Caroline's slit. I watched as Lizzie lapped at the heady cocktail of come. Caroline screamed in delight as she climaxed, "Harder, you bitch," she drawled. "Harder!"

Then one of the men guided Lizzie onto her back on the floor. "Okay, Lizzie, it's your turn to get fucked," he said. "I'm going to send you back to your boyfriend dripping in come." She reached out and wrapped her fingers around his cock and then guided him towards her wet hole. His shining helmet nuzzled between her pussy lips, and I watched as her pink hole stretched to accommodate his thick tool. They moved together like a well-oiled machine as he pounded his cock inside her and played with her tits, quickly bringing her to climax. He pulled out his cock and an arc of spunk shot up over her stomach.

I turned to Alan. "C'mon, mate," I said. "Let's get out there and give the girls a little surprise." We left the room and walked out onto the set, clapping our hands and nodding in appreciation. "What a performance!"

Lizzie opened her eyes and saw me. A smile spread across her face, but before I had the chance to congratulate her on her movie debut, she darted over to me and unzipped my flies. "Looks like I've saved the best till last," she giggled, stuffing my cock into her mouth and sucking me off. Caroline done the same with Alan, but the two of us were so turned on that we came immediately – but we made up for it later that evening. Phil copied the action onto video and the four of us re-enacted the scenes out in the comfort of our hotel room!

Now we're back home, we still keep in contact with Caroline and Alan. Most couples are happy to swap snaps, but in our case it's the naughty videos we like to watch together – they sure take some beating! – *Larry, Bedford*

LESBE FRIENDS

I'm a regular reader of your magazine and eagerly await each issue so that I can see all the gorgeous girls you feature. I'm also a big fan of your readers' letters and I love to read the stories out to my partner, Clare. In fact it was Clare who talked me into writing this letter. We would be grateful (not to mention turned on!) to read about our own sexual exploits in Club.

First let me introduce myself. My name is Kim, I'm 5'4" with long, red hair and my measurements are 36D-24-38. Clare, who is my lover, is taller and a brunette whose statistics are 36C-24-36. We've been seeing each other for about two years now and I'm writing to tell your readers how Clare came home one night to find me in the bedroom... with a man! Although I've slept with men before, Clare is such an expert at bringing me to climax with her tongue that I just haven't been tempted by a cock!

Clare is a waitress and sometimes works late in the evening, so I often have to socialise without her. Usually this means a club with the people from college, and it was after one of these nights out last week that Steve offered to walk me home. I've known him for ages and assumed he has known about me and Clare, so when I invited him in for a coffee I didn't expect anything to happen.

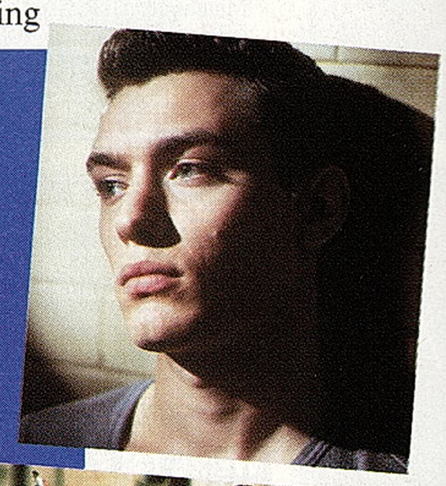
Anyway we were sitting down on the sofa chatting one minute, then the

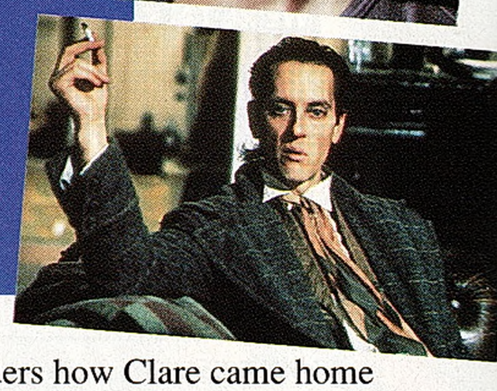
continued on page 98

in and out

Your guide to this month's Wards and Kilmers

IN	OUT
60s Batman	90s Batman
Corduroy	tartan
Mindless violence	rational thought
Speed	Speed (the film)
Oliver McCall	Lennox Lewis
Being scruffy	Looking cool
Acton	actors
Criminal Justice Bill	fun of any sort
Jobless anti-workwear	batty riders♣





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melinda

Photographs by Jack Harrison

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Forget the Telethon, folks, Club's very own appeal is to help save 19-year-old Melinda from a lonely Christmas. She's just moved into a new flat by herself, and it's a boyfriend-free zone. "It's my first year living without a fella," she says, poking

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out her bottom lip sulkily. So does this mean that Melinda will have no-one to kiss under the mistle-toe?

"No way!" she laughs. "I've decided living with one guy is a big mistake. I want to go back to having care-

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free drunken snogs, fun one-nighters in bed and dirty weekends where anything goes – in fact, the kinkier the better! And it starts right now, guys, so let me know what you fancy!" ♣

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FRANK TALKING

Frank 'Not *The* Frank' **Worthington**, vents some spleen on the big issues that matter

Drinkwise. Mean anything to you? No, me neither. And what about Bill Oddie? Well, while he might not mean anything to you personally, I'm sure you'll know of the ex-Goodie-cum-twitcher with the ridiculously high-pitched voice. But what I bet you didn't know is that the small, furry-faced tit-watcher is a spokesman for said Drinkwise, the Health Education Authority's association for "sensible drinkers".

Jesus fucking wept, what is the bloody world coming to?

A blonde-haired barmaid with tits like Volvo 440 airbags

There I was in my local, The Unicorn in Trumpington, supping quietly on a pint of snakebite. My bird was in the dumper straining over the steak and ale pie we had for tea, so I started reading a nicely framed notice on the wall. Next to a picture of some olde worlde pube was an autographed message from Bill espousing the virtues of having a nice, quiet country pub where no one smokes and no one ever has one too many to drink.

Faaaaarck off, Bill! If it wasn't for the fact that it might ruin my chances of shagging your daughter, I'd be round there now setting fire to your horrible little beard. So think yourself lucky you're getting off lightly with a little run-down of what I look for in a pub: A blonde-haired barmaid with tits like Volvo 440 airbags, wearing jeans pulled so far up her fanny crack she looks like she rode to work on an axe, who serves up the sort of snakebites that get you so pissed that you try it on with your granny when you get home. And by the way, Bill, I'm also partial to smoking so many fags that the air around me turns bright fucking blue and all my friends have to have Roy Castle haircuts. Alright?

Drinkmore. That's what I say. But that's only my opinion, of course.

Frank's opinions are not necessarily those held by Club magazine (though we must admit we would also like to shag Bill Oddie's daughter). ♣

in the bag

continued from page 90

next thing I knew I had his face in mine and his tongue down my throat! Before I could stop myself, he had his hand up my dress and was stroking my pussy through the thin material of my knickers.

Coming to my senses, I broke off and pulled his hand away from my pussy. "Don't you know about Clare?" I said. "We're lovers..."

He looked shocked as I explained that I only fucked girls, but I could make a compromise in his case. "Let's have some fun," I whispered, taking him by the hand and leading him up the stairs.

Once inside the bedroom, I told him to strip off and was surprised to see the size of his cock, it was massive! My mouth began to water at the prospect of running my tongue around his bell-end and licking his balls. I told him to lay back on the bed and then I climbed up beside him and sat straddling his legs. I reached down and stroked his length, running my fingers down his shaft and rubbing his balls. His eyes were closed tight and he was urging me on, "That feels great," he grunted.

I repositioned myself so that my cunt was over his shaft and then I began to move my hips back and forth. The friction of my knickers against his cock was driving him wild and I was so turned on that I could feel myself becoming wet.

I slipped the shoulder straps off my dress and pulled my lace bra down revealing my tits. Steve's eyes bulged and his hands reached up and cupped my mounds. His thrusting became more urgent and I was sure he was going to shoot his load any second.

Jumping off the bed, I knelt down and took his cock between my tits. "Go on, Steve," I urged. "Shoot your spunk all over my tits!" I looked down to see his cock pushing up through my titty flesh and I ran my tongue over his helmet on every upward thrust. It didn't take long for Steve to come, but I was amazed how powerful the jet of come was. I wasn't ready for the sheer amount either as it spurted all over my face, tits and neck! I brought one of my breasts up to my mouth and lapped at the spunk, savouring the salty taste. Just then, I got the biggest surprise of all when the bedroom door swung open and in walked Clare!

I jumped off the bed and flung my arms around her. "Hi baby," I said. "Steve's spunk tastes great." I kissed her and Clare returned my kiss as our hands moved over each other's body, clawing at our clothes. Soon I was naked, while Clare was wearing her fishnets and high heels.

Pushing me to the floor, Clare lay on top of me lapping at Steve's come on my breasts. By now I had forgotten all about Steve as Clare sucked on my nipples and then eased my legs apart. Her warm breath grew nearer to my cunt, and I almost exploded as her tongue slid up and down my slit. Her lapping became harder, I tugged on her nipples and cried out for her to make me come. As her tongue circled my clitty and I started to feel that warm surge that starts in my pussy and spreads throughout my body. I lay there panting and unable to move. Clare smiled and then looked over towards Steve who was sitting on the edge of the bed wanking.

We've found the flight recorder, sir

"Let's see if your cock tastes as good as Kim says, shall we?" she purred. I felt a surge of jealously as I watched her red lips encircle his shiny helmet, but that soon turned to fascination as she took his big cock all the way down her throat! As her head went up and down, and Steve's prick slid in and out of her mouth, I felt my pussy aching for attention once more, so I pulled my lips apart and stroked my slit with my fingers.

Five minutes of blow-job action was enough for Steve. He yelled out as he came into Clare's mouth. She swallowed the first two spurts, then I saw the rest of his sticky load dribbling out of the corner of her mouth and down onto her breasts. Steve collapsed back onto the bed and Clare came towards me. She put her mouth to mine and as we opened our lips, spunk poured from her mouth and into mine. Mmmm!

That was an amazing climax to our night of fun. We despatched Steve home in a taxi soon after that, then Clare and I decided to get our dildos out and continue with our fun right through until the next morning. Clare wasn't in the least bit annoyed about Steve, in fact she's made me promise to invite him around next time she's working late. She says that he gets me nice and wet for when she gets in from work – and that's when the real fun begins! – *Kim, Southport* ♣

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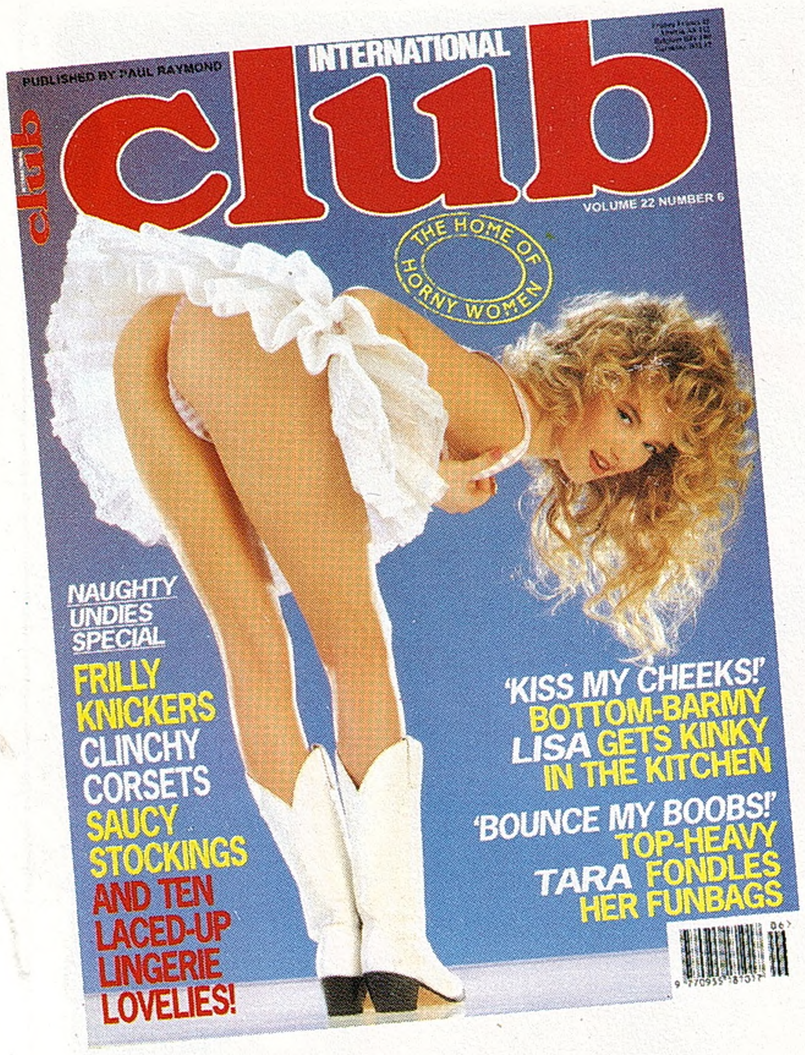

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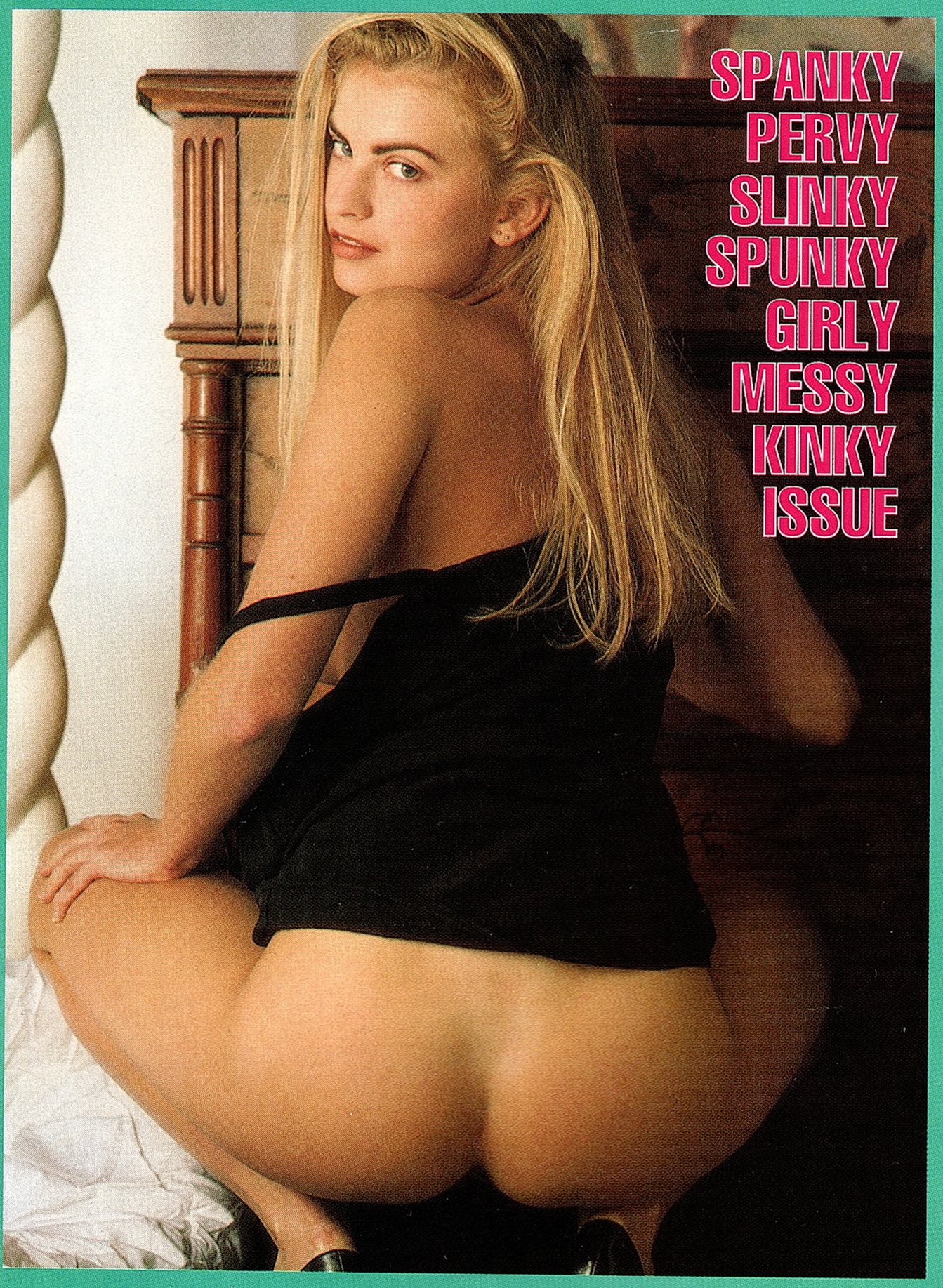
COMING IN

club



Tina Hayes plays with it in rude rubber. **Babs Hall** mashes it up in London's fetish clubs. **Gavin Hills** pushes it with a Lads' Guide to Kinky Sex. **Suzanne Holley** loses it then gets it in her guide to Sex on Drugs. And the result of the Club Girl of the Year vote. Sounds like another sexy shocker from Club to us. Buy it and believe. ♣

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